

# The Nation

VOL. VII, No. 1.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K., 4d. Abroad, 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	1	"The Spirit of Equity." By Margaret Llewelyn Davies ...	19
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		"Gentles, Let us Rest." By A. Woman ...	20
The Condition of Success ...	4	Tariff Reform in the United States. By John McCulloch ...	20
The Charge of Single-Chamber Government ...	5	International Arbitration and Peace Association. By J. Frederick Green ...	21
The New Conservatism ...	6	POETRY:—	
A Lesson in Tariffs ...	7	I. The Song of Solomon—II. Imaginary Epitaphs. By M. Jourdain ...	21
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	22
A Perversion of Justice ...	8	REVIEWS:—	
The Fascination of Sterne ...	10	An Evangelist of the Nursery Lord Cranbrook ...	23
Leonardo's Note-Books ...	11	Russian Realism ...	25
The Grey ...	12	The Thousand and One Churches ...	26
SHORT STUDIES:—		Two Good Books on Socialism A Clever Ironist ...	27
Faith. By Mark Rutherford ...	13	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—		State Papers of the Governors-General of India ...	30
"Unrest" in Southern Nigeria. By the Rev. John H. Harris ...	14	History of the London Hospital Money's Fiscal Dictionary ...	30
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—		The Art of the Belgian Galleries ...	30
The Eve of the Prussian Revolution. By Ed. Bernstein ...	15	Zambezia ...	30
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		The Decameron ...	32
The Political Position. By Edward Taylor and Joshua Brookes ...	16	Strahan's Leading Cases in Equity ...	32
Ireland and the Budget. By W. H. Davey ...	17	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	32
The "Elektra" of Strauss. By Ernest Newman and G. Bernard Shaw ...	18		
The "Ring" at Edinburgh. By Edenensis ...	19		
Liberal Leadership. By J. Munro ...	19		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister's mastery of exposition was never displayed to greater advantage than in the opening of the historic debate last Tuesday. His handling of the resolution relating to finance was simplicity itself—a quick, well-chosen recital of authorities convicting the Lords of a clear breach of constitutional usage. More skill, his enemies say subtly, was employed in the critical work of enforcing the resolutions affirming the terms of the suspensory Veto and the shorter Parliaments. The two are inseparable parts of a single design. Thus the mature project marks an advance upon the issue submitted to the electorate in January. He is still a Second Chamber man, but there should be a Second Chamber all the time. Its power should not be co-ordinate with that of the Commons, but one of consultation, revision, and delay. Rejecting the proposal to give the Lords a right of Referendum on legislation, as a damage to the responsibility of Parliament, and the proposal of a joint session as inequitable to the two parties, he is driven to limitation of the Veto as the only way out of an impasse. "The absolute Veto of the Lords must follow the Veto of the Crown before the road can be cleared for the advent of a full-grown and an unfettered democracy."

AFTER a preliminary feat of logophagy, Mr. Balfour set himself to a most congenial task—the defence of party privilege by a series of hasty thrusts and parries, scorn, argument, rhetoric, distorted and selected history, swiftly drawn from the unrivalled armory of the greatest of our sophists. The Lords had made no raid upon finance; they always enjoyed a full right of rejection,

and would keep it. If their legislative Veto was only used against Liberal Bills, that was because they alone deserved its use, for they alone were dangerous to the popular welfare, which it was the function of the Lords to safeguard. Then he turned to the Government proposals. Why do not the upholders of a Second Chamber reform this one, so as to make it fit for its new rôle? Will not the result of the suspensory Veto be a double constitution—Costa Rica for two years, then Great Britain, followed by a General Election and a return to Costa Rica? Then at great length he labored the argument, "You will never be able to improve your Bills," assuming, entirely without warrant, that a Bill which suffers any shadow of amendment loses its identity, and cannot override the Lords' Veto. A dexterous performance, affording infinite joy to his long-deserted following!

BUT these opening speeches, dignified or adroit and appropriate to the occasion, were, perhaps, of necessity, a little void of nourishment to the anxious politicians who were scanning the political horizon for signs of "what is going to happen." Even Mr. Redmond's words of stout encouragement and guarded menace gave no real clue. Everyone would like to postpone a General Election, but the only plausible way of doing so—viz., a Referendum on the Veto—seems barred by Mr. Redmond, whose final words do not easily support the hope, yet freely entertained in Liberal quarters, that he will permit the Government to reap the Budget. A close inspection of Mr. Redmond's language, however, does not show that he has absolutely locked the door upon a Referendum, provided it is not designed to take the place of the straight policy of seeking Royal assurances on the rejection of the resolutions by the Lords.

MR. F. E. SMITH, in a clever speech full of "gallery" points, finished by imploring the Government not to involve them in two more General Elections within the next twelve months—a not too encouraging reflection for the sanguine electioneers of his party. Lord Hugh Cecil made the speech of an unbending Tory, claiming for the Second Chamber a full control over finance, and courageously reminding the Liberals that they might be glad of a House of Lords to stop the fiscal revolution to which his party was committed. As if any Second Chamber, composed, as he suggested, of 350 members chosen from the hereditary peerage and fifty nominated by the Crown on the advice of Ministers, would be likely to reject that or any other Tory scheme! Mr. Birrell, following, brushed aside the far too prevalent discussion of the merits and demerits of an hereditary House by pointing out that the charge against the Lords was not that they were an hereditary body, but that they did not exercise their functions impartially. A solid and thoughtful contribution was made by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who contended that in all the Colonies the Second Chamber failed to fulfil the function for which it was intended, and merely hampered the operations of the Lower House.

THOUGH the Government's intention to closure by compartments the debate upon the Resolutions next week has roused a violent show of indignation, it is felt as a relief by all parties in the Commons. The very notion of a sequence of three debates upon the same material is felt to be intolerable; for the discussion of this week is recognised to have exhausted the relevant *pros* and *cons* relating to the principles of the proposed reforms. In the text of the Government proposals for allocating time, the following reference is made to the subsequent proceedings: "That the House do agree with the Committee on the resolution, and a Bill shall, without question put, be ordered to be brought in on any resolutions agreed to."

\* \* \*

IN the organised campaign for educating the constituencies which is now on foot, the concluding words of Mr. Churchill's great speech on Thursday should constitute a leading text, setting before the country the precise offence of the Lords and the necessary remedy. "Since the House of Lords, upon evil and unpatriotic instigation, have used their Veto to affront the prerogative of the Crown, and invade the rights of the Commons, it has become necessary that the Crown and the Commons, acting together, should restore the balance of the Constitution and restrict for ever the Veto of the House of Lords."

\* \* \*

THE principle of Proportionate Representation received the assent of the House of Commons on Wednesday, after a useful discussion, initiated by Mr. Aneurin Williams, who dwelt upon the wild exaggeration of the electoral will expressed through majorities in recent General Elections. Mr. Burns, in a characteristic speech, expressed emphatic disbelief in the raising of the *personnel* of the members as a result of the reform. He did not desire the presence of "glorified superior persons." There can be no doubt that the principle is gaining strength among the thinkers of all parties, and in the electoral reformation which would naturally follow the destruction of the Lords' Veto, a very favorable opportunity will arise for securing its incorporation in our electoral system.

\* \* \*

THE annual conference of the Social Democratic Federation last week manifested some disposition on the part of the extreme left to move towards "practical politics." A resolution in favor of empowering the executive to seek alliance with other Socialist and labor organisations, so as to obtain "a common platform," was passed by a considerable majority. But how wide a gulf exists between a "platonic" resolution of this order and an accomplished fact has been clearly shown by the repeated failure of similar attempts to shed the extreme intransigent spirit. Of course, the Independent Labor Party also has its "left," an aggressive group which threatened not long since to wreck the organisation. But the conference of the I.L.P. this week proved that common action with the main body of trade unions in Parliament and in the country is influencing our largest Socialist society as much as their Socialism is influencing trade unions. Though strong words were used in condemnation of the half-heartedness and sluggishness of the Government, the leaders were able to make good their defence against the perennial charge of selling Socialism to Liberalism.

\* \* \*

POSTAL servants and teachers form the two largest bodies of State employees, and the spirit of organisation waxes strong in both of them. The Postmaster-General,

Mr. Herbert Samuel, addressing a conference of the Postal Clerks' Association at Bradford on Easter Monday, met the chairman's appeal for full official recognition by a frank acceptance of trade unionism, "not only for the men who wore fustian, but for the men who wore black coats as well." The State, he added, ought to be a model employer of labor, reducing "to whatever minimum was practicable split duties, overtime, and the employment of casual labor."

\* \* \*

THE conference of teachers at Guildhall this week raised even greater issues of policy. Education, one speaker insisted, was in danger of being crushed between an upper millstone of increasing local rates and a lower millstone of inadequate Government grants, and a unanimous resolution called upon the Imperial Government to bear a larger share of the burden. "In 1903," Mr. Pickles states, "out of every £100 spent on elementary education, £68 came from the State and £32 from the rates. In 1910-11, only £48 came from the State and £52 from the rates—a transference in the last eight years of 4½ millions from the State to the rates." To this is traced the persistent refusal to redress the grievances of insufficient salaries, over-sized classes, and other injuries to the cause of education. The fact is, of course, that until a Government has faith and wisdom enough to diminish its reliance on physical force, the service of moral force must starve.

\* \* \*

THE acceptance of the final terms of the South Wales Coalowners by the men's representatives leaves little doubt that the danger of a stoppage of work, with its attendant damage to trade, will be averted. The main issue, one of the adjustment of the sliding-scale apportioning wages to accord with selling prices, has been settled by a compromise, giving the men about half of the rise they asked for on the lower price levels, while a stricter limit is set upon the maximum wage in case prices for large coal rise to a high level. The increased cost of working coal imposed by the Eight Hours Act was the chief plea of the owners in resisting the demands of the men. If this increase be anything like as large as is contended, there can be no doubt that the necessity of maintaining ordinary profits will lead to increased prices, and the consumer will pay. This policy of forcing up selling prices has, however, its nemesis for labor in the enforced economy of consumers and the reduction of employment following reduced demand. Even South Wales coal is not an absolute monopoly.

\* \* \*

THE Revenue Returns show that the Lords, by rejecting the Budget, are responsible for a deficit amounting to £31,143,544—i.e., the difference between the estimated and the actual revenue of the year. For the losses of revenue are almost wholly attributable to failure to collect taxes authorised by the Budget, the two largest items of loss, of course, being Income Tax and Excise. The former is responsible for a loss of £23,805,000, the latter for a loss of £3,778,000. The total revenue for the year is given as £131,696,456, showing a decrease of £19,881,839 upon last year's revenue.

\* \* \*

THE annual drink-bill, prepared by the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, this year draws an unusual interest from the interference of Mr. George's Budget. A decline of expenditure, amounting to £5,897,997, as compared with the previous year, is recorded, no less than £4,500,000 of this being imputed to reduced consumption of spirits. For this, of course, the increased price of spirits due to taxation is mainly



responsible. But it is satisfactory to know that the analysis of results corroborates the statement of the Parliamentary Paper issued last year—"that the diminishing consumption of alcoholic liquors, though to some extent attributable to the recent depression of trade, is principally the result of a continuous change in the habits of the people, which has been in progress for some time, and seems likely to be permanent."

\* \* \*

THE blow so often threatened has at length fallen upon Finnish liberties. M. Stolypin has presented to the Duma a Bill which destroys the autonomy of the Duchy and reduces its Diet to the rank of a County Council. It follows the lines which had long been anticipated. In all matters of common interest, the Duma, with the aid of four Finnish representatives, is henceforth to legislate directly for Finland. These "common interests" are so stretched as to leave little that will be purely Finnish. Among matters reserved for the Duma are the liberty of the Press and the right of meeting and association. It is evidently the intention of the Russian Government to establish a purely Russian system of repression. By way of concession, the Finnish Diet will be "consulted" on this Bill, but the decision rests with a purely Russian Duma. Only the Constitutional Democrats, the Socialists, and the Poles can be reckoned on to oppose this measure. The Octobrists, however, have hinted that they may amend it in a sense favorable to Finland. However that may be, the essential fact remains that the passage of such a Bill without the consent of the Finnish people is an undisguised abrogation of the autonomy solemnly granted by Alexander I. The opinion of the juriconsults who signed Professor Westlake's declaration is on that point decisive. Finland is not, and never has been, a Russian province. It is united to Russia by a personal union. The Russian Tsar is the Grand Duke of Finland, precisely as the Austrian Emperor is King of Hungary. The Duma has no more right to pass such a measure as this than the Austrian Reichsrath would have to legislate for Hungary.

\* \* \*

THE "Manchester Guardian" calls attention to a report on the future of the French Navy which is now before the Senate. France apparently has definitely accepted a position of inferiority to Germany at sea. Her standard of strength of battleships is now fixed at twenty-eight, as against Germany's eventual thirty-eight. It is even more significant that the whole of her battle-ship fleet is to be concentrated in the Mediterranean. So far as her official calculations go, she will rely for the defence of her Northern and Atlantic coasts entirely on submarines. French sailors have always had great faith in this highly scientific arm, and they may have good reasons for it. But a faith so absolute as this is more than surprising. It is incredible. This report is one more item of evidence in the case which goes to show that the *entente cordiale* is, in fact, a defensive alliance. There is good reason to believe that we have reinsured the Northern Coasts of France against any possible attack from a German fleet, while to France has been assigned the maintenance in the Mediterranean of the supremacy of the Triple Entente over the Triple Alliance. The arrangement dovetails into that by which our strength was reduced in the Mediterranean, to be concentrated in the North Sea. The evidence that some secret treaty exists is too strong to be dismissed by the inevitable official denial.

AN unconfirmed telegram reports the death of Menelik, Negus of Abyssinia. Though it comes from a good source, it is probably a little in advance of the fact. Menelik is, however, mortally ill, and a negligible quantity. The struggle for supremacy which was anticipated after his death has already begun. In the first round, his clever and ambitious Queen, Taitou, has been worsted and confined in some sort of honorable captivity. The "Rases" have recognised Menelik's grandson, a lad named Lijid Eyassu, as his heir, under the regency of his uncle, the Ras Tassema. This decision means, one fears, less than it seems to convey. For the Rases to whom the telegram refers are, presumably, the members of a Council of Notables whom Menelik formed into a sort of Cabinet. He chose them, naturally, from among his own loyal partisans. If there is to be the usual struggle for the throne, the pretender will probably be some Ras outside this selected circle. Abyssinia is a very loose federation, with its North steadily hostile to its South, and despite his ability as a very tricky diplomatist and his success as a soldier, Menelik had done comparatively little to weld his country into a national State. Queen Taitou had the repute of being very anti-foreign, but there is no reason to suppose that the party which vanquished her is pro-European.

\* \* \*

THE political sky in Greece is, for the moment, a little clearer. The Chamber has finished the tasks which the Military League assigned to it, and the King has formally closed its session, announcing in the same Speech from the Throne the summoning of a National Assembly to revise the Constitution at some date not yet fixed. In accordance with its promise, the Military League announces its own dissolution. The document which conveys this good news is characteristically arrogant, and contains a sort of command to all concerned to the effect that the present Dragoumis Ministry shall remain in power until the revisionary Assembly meets. Several versions of this proclamation have appeared, in some of which the members of the League are relieved from their oath of obedience to its chiefs, while others are silent on this vital point. There is, in fact, no security that its domination has really come to an end. Its nominees are in power. Civil government, parties and party chiefs are all discredited. There is, apparently, no one capable of organising a force which could, if the need again arises, resist the crude tyranny of this group of officers.

\* \* \*

ON Wednesday, the fortunate close of the negotiations between Canada and the United States was announced simultaneously in Washington and Ottawa. Mr. Taft has signed the decree which admits Canada among the favored nations which enjoy the minimum rates of the Payne tariff. Canada has bought this concession by admitting thirteen categories of American production to her "intermediate rates"—i.e., to the rates already accorded by special favor to France. This concession, however, is general, and applies to all other nations. The articles include wine, cotton-seed oil, manufactured silk, soaps, leather goods, and dried fruits. It is admitted in Washington that Canada has got the best of the bargain, but there is, apparently, some slight dissatisfaction among the less responsible section of the Canadian Conservative Opposition, on the ground that Mr. Fielding has yielded too much. An important fruit of these negotiations is announced this week. Sir W. Laurier and Mr. Fielding are to visit Washington in a few weeks' time to discuss the broader issue of a Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE CONDITION OF SUCCESS.

WITH the opening of the debate on Tuesday we have come at last to the kernel of the political situation. The issue, which for three years has been "dominant," is now the actual issue of debate. As it has come into the foreground, unrealities have fallen away. The "reconstitution" resolutions have faded, as it were, by an automatic process, for in proportion as we get to close grips with the real fact we one and all see clearly that that fact is not this or that anomaly in the composition of the House of Lords, but the power of a Second Chamber resting on and representing birth, wealth, vested interest and privilege, to thwart without rebuke the expressed will of the people. The Veto resolutions have come to represent the working policy of Liberalism because they go straight to the heart of the issue thus presented. They do not destroy the Second Chamber. Still less do they really leave the Constitution that patchwork of black and white—single Chamber for two years and double Chamber for two—which Mr. Balfour made out to be the effect of the resolutions. Mr. Balfour's criticism would have been truer of the Campbell-Bannerman than it is of the Asquith resolutions. It is precisely at this point that the present Prime Minister has improved on the original plan. There will be no stage where a House of Commons will be omnipotent, for it will have to maintain its resolution unaltered for two years—which, as Mr. Asquith showed, is hardly possible if a measure is really unpopular—in order to get a Bill to which the Lords object on to the Statute-book. There will be no stage where it will be impotent, for the work of its last two years may be carried over the General Election, and can be re-affirmed by the newly elected House.

As to Mr. Balfour's threat that the Veto Bill, if passed by this Parliament, will be repealed in the future, we can safely leave that to the future. The real question is of the present, and how we are to convince the electorate that it depends on them to turn the Veto Bill into law. On this point there were several significant passages in Tuesday's debate. We have pointed out that there are two possible methods. One is the submission of the question to a direct popular vote. Now, Mr. Asquith, in giving the reasons which had decided him against the Referendum as a permanent working arrangement of our Constitution, was careful to leave open the question of using this instrument "when some extreme and exceptional constitutional difficulty arises"; that is to say, precisely in such a situation as may arise in this case if the Lords refuse to pass the Veto Bill. In that case, it is well worth considering whether a direct appeal to the constituencies on the single issue without a General Election would not be a more effective and more popular means of testing the strength of feeling behind the Government than a dissolution of Parliament. Mr. Redmond's remark on this suggestion indicates, to our thinking, some misapprehension. It does not mean

that the Referendum would be substituted for the use of the prerogative. Nor does it necessarily involve any delay in the use of the prerogative. The suggestion is that the use of the prerogative is, in the circumstances, conditional on some further expression of opinion by the country, and that this opinion might be tested with less delay, with more certainty, and with better hope of success, by a direct vote than by a General Election. Mr. Redmond objects that there would have to be a Referendum Bill, and that this, in turn, the Lords might reject. But would they? Considering that the whole position has been staked time after time on their trusteeship for the people, could they conceivably refuse to let the people be judges? And if they did, would not the whole position be turned in our favor and against them? Would they not, in short, have put themselves so completely in the wrong that the use of the prerogative might appear in quite a different light?

If, however, the suggestion of an appeal to the people is rejected, there remains still an alternative. A General Election becomes necessary, and in the election it must be admitted that the Government would be at the disadvantage of having to ask the electors virtually to do the same thing twice over. Having voted down the Veto as they thought in January, they will now find that it must be voted down again. Under these circumstances it will not be easy to convince the average elector who does not follow politics very assiduously that a new Liberal majority will have any more power to settle the constitutional difficulty than the present majority possesses. He will, in fact, ask for some guarantee that his vote is valid. This guarantee can only be given to him by a quite explicit statement that the question before the country is, in substance, whether it is desirable to use the prerogative for the creation, if necessary, of a sufficient number of peers to pass the Veto-Limitation Bill into law. As to the existence of the prerogative, Mr. Asquith was clear and emphatic. The only question is that of the conditions under which the King may be advised to exercise it. These conditions should be matter of explicit understanding in the Cabinet before the next General Election takes place. Their scheme will be before the King, and their advice will be to the effect that neither they nor any future Liberal Cabinet can hold office except with the certain prospect of passing this scheme into law. If it is held that the existing Parliamentary majority is insufficient to justify exceptional measures for the purpose of securing a great constitutional change, they will explain that it is their purpose by means of Dissolution to test the opinion of the people on this very point, and that what they will tell the people is that their vote is meant to decide on the propriety of the use of the prerogative for the surmounting of an otherwise insuperable obstacle. If the people thoroughly understand this to be the case, they will not resent the second election—or, if they do, they will resent it against the House of Lords rather than against the Government, and those who voted on the constitutional course in January may be expected to repeat their vote with unimpaired cheerfulness. If, on the other hand, no such guarantee can be given, if the Government go to



the people with nothing better than a vague hopefulness that by getting a sufficient majority they may induce the Lords to give way, then we fear that they will find a spiritless party which will make but little effort to replace in power men who can find no satisfactory method of using their power. We have good hope now that this calamity will be avoided. Certainly Mr. Asquith's speech has carried us on a step. A bold and strong declaration throughout, its plain insistence on the prerogative was among its boldest features.

### THE CHARGE OF SINGLE-CHAMBER GOVERNMENT.

THIS week's achievement in the House of Commons is a formal and a final committal of English Liberalism to the necessity of giving statutory form to the doctrine of the legal subordination of the House of Lords to the representative House, not merely in finance, but in every sort of legislation. It is denounced as Single-Chamber Government, and the records of world-history, true and false, are being ransacked to illustrate the horrible results of such unchecked tyranny of an elected House. As the election draws nearer, the people will be regaled with a crescendo of insulting references to its fickleness, its servile ignorance, and its incapacity to conduct its business with wisdom or with ordinary safety through its chosen representatives. It will be invited by insolent over-men deliberately to pronounce itself an imbecile, demanding the perpetual guardianship of a body of men endowed with an hereditary gift for knowing what it ought to want better than it can itself know it. We think it will resent this invitation, declaring that the time has come when it is sufficiently grown up to know what it wants and to see that it gets it. But, as we are aware that, even among those who are called Liberals, timid souls exist, whose trust in the people is exceedingly attenuated, it may be worth while to dwell upon the real checks upon undue precipitancy that are secured by the proposals of the Government and by the electoral reforms to which the Liberal Party is committed.

In the first place, we may point out that the proposal to reduce the Second Chamber to the position of a revising and consultative Assembly is no novel revolutionary scheme improvised by an exasperated party in a twentieth-century Parliament. Older precedents omitted, it was a definite plank in the Radicalism of which Jeremy Bentham was the philosophic exponent. Why, argued that doughty logician, embarrass the movement of political reform by entrusting to a Second House a function which, if it confirms the Commons, is an act of vain repetition; if it delays it, is an act of wanton waste; if it rejects it, is a noxious frustration of the popular will? A generation later we have so weighty an organ of thought as the "Spectator," in its prime, denouncing the notion of the necessity of a Second Chamber as a "political superstition," and asking, "Can anyone point out one single function of the Upper House, other than that of representing Conser-

vative opinion, which would not be better performed by a Standing Committee of Revisal elected by the House of Commons itself?" This was in 1869. Again, when in 1884 Mr. Bright advocated a scheme of suspensory veto, leaving to the Lords powers no greater than Mr. Asquith proposes, the same organ of discreet Liberalism found the scheme "much too Conservative." "It gets rid of the deadlock only by the help of what seems to us a most prodigal waste of the time of the House of Commons."

Now, coolly ignoring the safeguards of delay and of the shorter term of Parliament, the same "Spectator," in its advanced years, inveighs against "the complete and unchecked control over the British Empire" conferred upon "a bare majority" which, taken in relation to the modern working of party, turns out to be the tyranny of the one man in control of the party machine. Throughout the discussion we have been treated to repeated displays of terrified ejaculation about what our Colonies and India will say when impious hands are laid upon the Ark of the Covenant. Now, though the Eastern mind is notoriously difficult to fathom, it would surprise us much to discover that either the imperturbable or the excitable Hindoo believed his liberties or any ingredient of his welfare dependent on the power of an hereditary House of Lords. Of the average colonist we speak with more confidence, when we say that his sentimental admiration for antiquities does not prevent him from showing and expressing freely the amazement which every American and Australasian democrat feels at the retention in British democracy of so obsolete an institution. In truth why should the colonies and dependencies of our Empire concern themselves? The British Government which affects them is either the very Cabinet autocracy which the "Spectator" fears, or the judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the constitutional powers of which are not in question.

If Mr. Asquith were setting up Single Chamber Government, would the perils be so terrible? As the Premier reminded the House, we have had effective Single-Chamber Government during the greater part of the last generation. Under it some regrettable deeds have been done, but the Second Chamber interposed no voice of wisdom or moderation. A Single Chamber more truly and justly representative than the present House of Commons would be less amenable to those violent gusts of passion which the authors of the Khaki Election profess to fear. Proportionate Representation, which we rejoice to see scored a conquest of esteem this week in the Commons, would not merely go far to moderate the excessive swing of the pendulum which our present method of election admits, but would mitigate the very abuses of party machinery which are rightly condemned. A more equal representation of the constituent provinces, feasible when the destruction of the absolute Veto makes possible a readjustment of the relations between this country and Ireland, will also contribute to diminish the risks of a House of Commons rule.

It is, however, by no means incumbent on us to plead the safety of Single-Chamber government. For

that is not the proposal. The power left to the House of Lords will not, as is pretended, prove unsubstantial. In his powerful speech on Thursday Mr. Churchill tore to shreds the frivolous charge that the proposals of the Government left the Lords an impotent Assembly and the Commons an unchecked autocracy. The direct control upon the Commons is, of course, the vote of the people, from which their authority as legislators springs. This control is not, as Rousseau held, exhausted by the single act of election. The will of the electorate may fairly be considered to be directly and effectively expressed in the conduct of a Government during the first two years of office. As more time passes, it is the future rather than the past appeal to the people that must be held to be the animating spirit of control. The third resolution, reducing the length of Parliament to five, or in effect four, years, is the interpretation of this democratic principle. The provision for the repeated endorsement of a Bill in three successive Sessions secures the country against any such abuse of the later years of an ill-spent life as was perpetrated by the Khaki Parliament. So much for the popular check.

Equally convincing was Mr. Churchill in his demonstration of the substantiality of the power left to the Lords. During the two opening years of a Parliament, they would possess an effective power of delay even in those measures which had proceeded from the fresh mandate of the electorate. In the second two years they would wield "a tremendous power of correction and of discrimination," competent, indeed, to bargain for considerable amendments in order to avoid the risks of hanging up a cherished measure over another election. Indeed, by an ingenious stroke of reasoning, Mr. Churchill pleaded the cause of a future reconstruction of the Lords as necessitated by the amplitude of the influence they would still retain.

Nor, in our judgment, would that influence be measured only by the powers thus legally secured to them. It will, in fact, be as large as that House shall by its conduct and composition merit. Whether the present right of ordinary peers to sit lapses by disuse, until a smaller qualitative House, composed of legal and administrative experts, is obtained, or whether some more ambitious reform of reconstruction is achieved, the influence of such an Assembly, endowed with statutory power of counsel, amendment, and delay, will exercise a very real effect upon the course of government. The gravity of its composition and the wisdom of its counsels will acquire a moral and an intellectual authority which will truly and very beneficently compensate the diminution of legal power to which it will be subjected, when the policy which Mr. Asquith has announced, and which the people has endorsed, is carried into effect.

#### THE NEW CONSERVATISM.

WHAT is become of the doctrine of political free-will? We appear to be confronted by the humorous, if rather disconcerting, spectacle of four parties in Parliament

and in the country each shrinking with feigned distaste from the cold plunge which it dare not shirk, though a refusal seems to lie within its sphere of voluntary choice. If the prospect of another early election, fought on an issue which uninitiated Liberals imagined they had settled last January, is not alluring to them, they are entitled to some comfort from the plain repugnance manifested in every sober circle of Conservatism. Except the maddest Mullahs of Protectionism, who would wear down the ranks of the enemy by ruthless and incessant charging, there are no Conservative politicians who view the prospect of an early dissolution with enthusiasm or even equanimity. For what are their prospects of success? Even were the Government compelled to go to the country without being able to give final assurances that a popular mandate for an anti-Veto policy could be now carried into effect—an almost incredible hypothesis—even in such a case, the Opposition could not expect a victory complete enough to secure them a real lease of power. For the positively reactionary movement to which their wilder leaders have committed them is at least as embarrassing and disintegrating to their party discipline and prospects as the more customary rifts that arise in the party of progress. These defects became apparent as soon as the Tariff Reformers fastened their dominion upon the party organisations. Not merely did many of their ablest and weightiest men revolt, but, as the "Morning Post" incessantly reminds its readers, others of them remain as traitors in the camp. But a closer canvass of the political proposals by which the Unionists endeavor to meet the anti-Veto education, which, we gladly observe, is now beginning to be organised throughout the country, makes even more intelligible the reluctance with which their party managers confront the prospect of an early dissolution. Protection, Freehold Farms, and Reform of the Lords constitute a somewhat turbulent team for successful driving. No level-headed Tory politician can hope by means of them to make any sensible impression on the solidarity of Scotland or the industrial North. The new land policy furnished by Mr. Elzbacher and Sir Gilbert Parker could, at the best, help to win a few more Southern seats where the Small Holdings Act has been mal-administered. "Reform of the Lords" is no fighting or seat-winning policy for a party which holds, with Lord Halsbury, that every action of the Lords, including the rejection of the Budget, is justified, and that the Upper House is a better safeguard of the permanent welfare of the nation than the House of Commons. Moreover, there is none of these issues which will bear even such inspection as our rude electioneering methods admit, without disclosing most disconcerting cracks and crevices. The country gentlemen will take considerable time and careful handling before they will welcome the patriotic plan of Mr. Elzbacher for setting up in all their feudal villages little groups of independent freeholders. The course of the recent debate in the Lords does not encourage the belief that the mere hereditary peer will mildly accept the ukase of Lords Curzon and Milner for his extinction. The return of Lord Hugh Cecil in the capacity of a chief lieutenant of Mr. Balfour



is more than a serviceable hint that the heresy of Free Trade still survives in influential Tory breasts, and that Birmingham is not yet England. That these difficulties and divergencies exist is, of course, nobody's fault. It is the inevitable consequence of a Conservative Party ceasing to be merely, or even mainly, Conservative.

To impute a full consciousness of aggressive reactionism to the Opposition is doubtless erroneous. But there is an inner sub-conscious logic which drives through their opportunist actions to a fairly consistent policy of defence. For the Lords are as firmly convinced that their rejection of the Budget was a merely defensive action as was the last Tory Government in ceding freehold licences to brewers, and in giving State support to sectarian schools. Nor are they wholly wrong in claiming that their technically offensive acts are defensive in intention. The Liberal Party is becoming more and more the instrument by which the popular "will to live" with fuller liberty of material and moral opportunities is operating. The assaults upon the privileges of the landowner, the liquor trade, the Church, and upon all other economic and social inequalities which disclose themselves in the new consciousness of the contrast between riches and poverty, are now and henceforth the principal functions of Liberalism. It is not unnatural that the actual concessions and conquests achieved by this Liberalism should be met by reprisals and attempts to fortify new points of vantage against further democratic raids.

This clear recognition, that the gist of Liberalism for the future consists in readjustments of rights of property for the security of individual life and the enlargement of public life, will no doubt gradually make its way in those Conservative quarters where at present hesitancy and distraction reign. We may then have a closer-knit, reconstructed Conservatism in which landlordism, capitalism, protectionism, imperialism, and militarism are closely welded into a policy which will crave the title of "national." The danger of the early future lies in the temptation which may beset the more reckless makers of this new "Conservatism" to endeavor to force the pace of the reconstruction by embarking on a foreign policy designed to keep the fear and possibility of war continually in the foreground of the national consciousness.

#### A LESSON IN TARIFFS.

THE tariff controversy between Canada and the United States, which seemed for a moment to threaten a formidable economic war, has ended, as good observers believed that it must, in a happy compromise. It is not a tactful part to insist too nicely in such cases on the successes of our nearer friends. But it would be affectation to ignore the fact that the balance of success rests quite certainly with Canada. She had, indeed, the best cards in her hands. She depends on the United States for few articles of commerce of which they enjoy a monopoly. She does, indeed, import in

large quantities agricultural machinery and other manufactured goods. But these things can be bought elsewhere, and a tariff war would only have had the effect of stimulating British trade. Canada would either have bought her machinery direct from English firms, or the American goods would have reached her by the roundabout way of Liverpool. She had little or nothing to lose by cutting off her American supplies. On the other hand, the cessation of her trade with the States would have dealt a heavy blow to more than one important American industry. She exports little, save raw material, and for an industrial nation to impose a prohibitive tariff on the necessities of her own industry is everywhere and always a policy of suicide. The Northern States in particular, which depend on Canada for lumber, hides, coal, and iron ore, would have suffered directly and sensibly from a tariff war. It happened, therefore, that from the Canadian side all the force of public opinion made for a resolute and uncompromising attitude. On the American side all the interests which can control the lobbies argued for peace. Larger influences worked in the same direction. The Payne Tariff is at the best unpopular. Its mere passage has wrecked the unity of the Republican Party. To have applied its penal clauses might have brought this dangerous discontent to an issue, and precipitated a crisis as formidable as that which has just destroyed the ascendancy of Mr. Speaker Cannon. Nor is it a part of the foreign policy of the States to encourage discord within their hemisphere. The Imperialist tendency is also a Pan-American tendency, and it would rather bring Canada within the orbit of Washington than alienate her by a conflict which could hardly have ended gloriously. It has happened, accordingly, that Canada has escaped the extreme clauses of the Payne Tariff, won for herself most favorable treatment in the markets of the Union, and paid as the price only the lowering of her own duties on a few inconsiderable articles, such as cottonseed oil, wines, and sub-tropical fruits—a concession in which the whole world will share. She has certainly lost nothing by admitting more cheaply a few articles which she does not produce but gladly consumes.

The history of this conflict makes an instructive study in "revolver" practice. It is a rather complicated study in retaliation, and, assuredly, it does not fill the spectator with envy. The first chapter deals with the relations of Germany and Canada. By way of protest against the preference accorded to this country, Germany inaugurated a tariff war, imposing her maximum duties on Canadian goods, a move to which Canada replied in kind. The result was to kill most of the direct trade between the two countries. Then, under the influence of the *entente cordiale* and the friendly pressure of the French-Canadians, came the negotiation of the reciprocity treaty between France and Canada. Its first result was to awaken in Germany a sense of emulation and a desire to share in the advantages which France had won. War could not achieve this end. Concession was tried instead. On German initiative the exceptional duties on both sides were removed, and trade returned to the *status quo* before the

war. Neither side had won anything. Each had realised that, in some degree, the other was necessary to it. Meanwhile, the United States had taken umbrage at the special favors conferred upon France, and threatened to impose against both France and Canada the penal duties of the Payne Maximum Tariff. France made certain concessions. Canada yielded a very little, but that very little destroyed several of the exclusive advantages which France had won. In the end, as the result of all this complicated warfare and negotiation, no Power has won any exclusive advantage that is permanent. Germany, which tried the big revolver, is exactly where she was at the start. France, which was amiable and drove a bargain, has had to share her gains with all the world. The States, which brandished, without firing, the revolver, did indeed win something, but won it also for their rivals and competitors. Exclusive dealing, in short, in the complicated conditions of the modern world, cannot be maintained. The harshest weapons of retaliation are good at best only for defence. The moral for ourselves is, clearly, that in all these bargains and struggles we are the *tertius gaudens*. By the simple operation of the most-favored-nation clause we should secure—even if we did not enjoy a preference—without the effort of negotiation and without the loss of conflict, equality in every advantage that a rival can win.

The interest of these dealings in which Canada has played a part is, however, as much political as economic. They have given striking evidence of her absolute fiscal independence. It is well when heated sentimentalists, arguing about Armageddons and foreseeing struggles for the possession of colonies, affect to talk as though in some sense we owned "our" Colonies, to remember that these self-governing Commonwealths and Dominions are Powers which bargain with other Powers on a footing of complete equality. For the rest, this *rapprochement* between Canada and the States marks the recognition of the simple geographical fact that Canada, now, in the fullest sense of the word, a nation, must be increasingly guided by the importance of her interests as a North American community. On the fringe of the tariff question there are fishery questions and waterway questions. It is as much the desire to have these comfortably settled as the mere influence of trade, which has conduced to avert a conflict. Imperial diplomacy, through the tactful hands of Mr. Bryce, has been busy all the while in promoting a happy settlement. If the fullest reciprocity comes out of it in the end, the Mother Country will have as good reason to be satisfied as the Colony itself. The notion which one detects in the columns of some of our Tariff Reform newspapers that we can "keep" our Colonies for exclusive trading, and that an increase of trade between Canada and the States would be for us a loss, is an illusion worthy only of the less enlightened minds of the eighteenth century. Whatever makes for Canadian prosperity, even if it develops her Continental rather than her overseas trade, is indirectly a gain to us. It must stimulate her growth, and increase her value to us as a producer, as a consumer, and also as a client for our investments, while making her a politically powerful as she is already a loyal ally.

## Life and Letters.

### A PERVERSION OF JUSTICE.

WHEN it was discovered last week that a citizen of Manchester had been falsely imprisoned on a charge of stealing a tub of margarine, great were the pity and perturbation. For two, perhaps for three, days an innocent man had languished in gaol with a tub of margarine, not indeed on his conscience, but "at his door." The Home Office was called in, the contrite police acknowledged their mistake, the magistrates expressed their apologetic sorrow. Whether innocence was compensated for loss of time we do not know, but certainly time had been lost, since the unoffending prisoner was not a dramatist to put a prison to use. All concerned were full of regret, and the pity and perturbation were such as the case demanded.

But what of a man who has been falsely condemned, not for two days, but for twenty-two centuries? Eighty-eight times have the millions of mankind come to maturity and reproduced themselves since first that false condemnation was passed, and not a living soul among all those generations seems to have suspected the error until, as it were, last week. And the charge brought against the man was a crime, not only which he never committed, but which he particularly abhorred. If anything, his nature led him to excess in the opposite direction, and with some show of reason the judges might have condemned him for the reverse of his reputed sin. Moreover, the accusation was not a matter of margarine, but of the soul's very essence—one of those charges that poison the heart with bitterness, being so inextricably false that the victim does not know which way to turn for defence. It was as though Aristides had been accused of peculation, or St. Francis of cruelty, or Cœur de Lion of cowardice, and all succeeding centuries had swallowed the lie without so much as a gulp. With what tormenting disdain for human judgment their souls would now be haunting Purgatory! But for twenty-two centuries such disdain has tormented the soul of Euripides, "the woman-hater," condemned to suffer scorn just where admiration was most his due, and no apologetic sorrow has been expressed.

The blind error of his critics began in his lifetime, and the absurdity of it was heightened by one strange point. We can just imagine torpid and uncritical people, such as there may have been even in Athens, falling into the dramatic trap and quoting as the dramatist's own opinion some isolated line that he had put into the mouth of his most contemptible characters. If a traitor like Jason seeks to contract a respectable marriage by abandoning the woman who had given up everything for him and had saved him many times by her skill, and if he goes about calling women inconstant and treacherous things, we laugh. If a worm like Admetus crawls round to his friends and relations imploring them to die in his place, but finding no one, except his wife, such a fool as to do it, and if he then laments the shrinking timidity of the poor, weak sex which needs a man's chivalry for her protection, again we laugh. But people who had not heard the plays, or who know nothing about drama, or who habitually browsed on the stale pastures of other men's opinions, might possibly accept the utterances of these reptiles as the poet's own. It has been so in other cases. "The lips have sworn it, but the heart is free," is a dramatic line suitable to the character and place in the play, but how often it has been used to establish the sophistical perjury of Euripides himself! In the same way, we can imagine Athenian women who formed their idea of dramas from the accounts their husbands brought home in the evening—accounts no more like the real dramas than the menus that husbands bring home are like the real City dinners—we can imagine Athenian women supposing that the poet's chief object in life was to pour contempt upon their sex. All the more because it would be the sentiments of beings like Jason and Admetus



that the husbands would remember best, as seeming most familiar to themselves, and most wholesome for their wives at home. So, in a few years, a second-hand tradition would grow up, and ladies of refinement would go about talking of that horrid Euripides, just as in the days of our youth they talked of that horrid Ibsen. Children would take their ideas from them, and year by year Euripides would become more disliked, which, as we know, happened. For, "because almost all in Athens rejoiced at his suffering," he withdrew to Macedonia and died.

In some such way as this the popular error might begin, but that the professional judges, the critics of literature and the students of thought, should have continued in that error almost up to the present day, is a strange example of false condemnation. Strangest of all that Aristophanes, himself a chief of dramatists and knowing Euripides by heart, should at the very outset have fallen plump into that dramatic trap. To a humorist it was, no doubt, an irresistible theme to imagine the women on Law-and-Order Day assembled in the temple of the Mother and the Maid, and forming themselves into a jury for the trial of that woman-hating Euripides. It is an irresistible situation when "the woman-hater," terrified for his life, shaves a friend and dresses him as a woman that he may plead his cause among the jury by confessing all the evil deeds that women might commit. But there is no hint that the decision of the women jurors in the "Thesmophoriazuse" is not the dramatist's own, nor, as far as we remember, is there any suggestion in the other comedies that Aristophanes did not entirely accept the popular judgment about the poet's hatred and contempt for women. It is the more remarkable because, on the question of women's position, Aristophanes was himself at one with his enemy, being, we suppose, the very first writer to illustrate and even to maintain the claim of women to a voice in their own government. At all events, it was his Lysistrata who, by horribly militant methods, did at last induce silly men to conclude the much-desired peace, and her speeches on war and "man-made laws" might still be models for a Suffragette.

It is all changed now. Take up any critic before the middle, or even the end, of last century, and it is ten to one you will find something about "the misogynist Euripides"; but how we should jump if we found it to-day! After twenty-two centuries of stationary mistake, the wheel has swung right round, and the balance is now all on the other side. Euripides is held up as the very champion of woman's cause. It was only last week that Dr. John Oakesmith chose him as a theme for an eloquent and learned address to the Women Writers' Suffrage League at the Rehearsal Theatre in the Strand, and showed with what depth of sympathy the poet revealed the suffering, the eternal protest, and the persistent courage of women. When such praise is heard in a women's assembly, truth is indeed avenged at last. As far as we know, the Brownings began the salutary change; but Mrs. Browning's lines on "Euripides, the human, with his droppings of warm tears," are so horrible, and Browning's "Balaustion" and "Aristophanes' Apology" are so tainted with mid-Victorian moralising and sentimentality that they could not carry it very far. It is to Professor Gilbert Murray that the ultimate credit belongs. He, alone, has brought Euripides outside the dusty lecture-rooms of the pedants, and presented the real poet as a common possession for all who can read English and have the faculty of perceiving beauty.

To his series of exquisite renderings he now adds a sixth play—the "Iphigenia in Tauris," published by Messrs. George Allen. The drama is notably Greek, being full of the light and hopefulness of the sea, which to the Greek was always the way home—the sea, that also "washes all the world's ills away." And it is a drama of exile—of a Greek woman's exile among savages, just as Medea was a savage woman in exile among Greeks. In days when to pass between the Clashing Rocks into the unknown seas beyond was an adventure for a hero's lifetime, how desolate stood the Greek woman upon that

"flat and herbless shore," beside the savage altar down which the thin lines of human blood trickled "like hair"! "Agamos, ateknos, apolis, aphilos," she cried, in the bitterness of self-pity—"Unloved, unchild, without home or friend!" So she stood, nightingale among swallows, and longed for the wings that would unweariedly carry her to the one land which savages did not inhabit. "Oh, the wind and the oar," sang the few Greek girls who were with her:—

"Oh, the wind and the oar,  
When the great sail swells before,  
With sheets astrain, like a horse on the rein;  
And on through the race and roar,  
She feels for the farther shore."

It is a drama of exile and the sea and the triumph of return, but, as usual with Euripides, it is a drama of a woman's character, and the triumph is due to a woman's wit. There are, besides, in the play many smaller signs of this "woman-hater's" exceptional sympathy with women. Among people who love to generalise about sex, for instance, there is no commoner commonplace than the assertion that women are incapable of union or associated action together. But Iphigenia says to her Chorus of Greek girls:—

"Are we not women, you and I,  
A broken race, to one another true,  
And strong in our shared secrets?"

So it is throughout the misogynist's plays. They are full either of the praise of women or the pity for them. In turn, they celebrate the high-heartedness of some woman, or her inspiration by divine thought, or her torment under passion which she is commanded to conceal, or her suffering in war, far more terrible than anything the soldier suffers, or her courage in face of death, or her contemptuous self-sacrifice for a coward, or a mother's unsleeping fears, and the moment when she is conscious of some change, some sound:—

"Hark!  
'Tis death slow winging to the dark,  
And in his arms what was thy child."

If a poet had deliberately chosen one single theme for all his work, he could hardly have stuck to it more closely than Euripides to this theme of his. How was it then that, for all those generations, the wise and foolish alike were blind to his purpose? Partly, perhaps, because for several ages no women read him. Like the Athenian ladies, they were obliged to take such knowledge as they had from secondhand criticisms, and in most cases the critics were musty bookworms, with no knowledge of women or life. But there may be a deeper reason. Praise is one motive in the dramas, but pity is the main motive—pity and a kind of shame. "Of all things upon earth," cries Medea:—

"Of all things upon earth that bleed and grow,  
A herb most bruised is woman. We must pay  
Our store of gold, hoarded for that one day,  
To buy us some man's love; and lo, they bring  
A master of our flesh! There comes the sting  
Of the whole shame."

Pity and shame—both come late in the history of man, and pity is dangerous. As Professor Murray says, in his Introduction to the "Troades," pity is a rebel passion. "Its hand is against the strong, against the organised force of society, against conventional sanctions and accepted Gods. It is the Kingdom of Heaven within us fighting against the brute powers of the world." Pity is a dangerous thing; it comes not to bring peace, but a sword, and upon its appearance, whether in Euripides or to-day, the first thought of governments, politicians, exploiters, fashionable people, and the other brute powers of the world, is to laugh it out of life, to throttle it, to stamp it down, to keep it stifled, or to belie its very meaning. So it has happened to Euripides. From the first he was recognised as dangerous, and in his case the danger has remained. Pity, like all rebellion and rebel passions, is frequently admired if far removed in time or space. "I do believe in liberty as far away as Paris is." But, unfortunately, women are never at that safe and comfortable distance.

## THE FASCINATION OF STERNE.

HE presents three literary faces, says Mr. Sichel of Sterne. The one is turned towards his "hobby horses"—philosophical impressionism, mock theories, grotesques, Hogarthian personalities; the second towards the "Crazy Brotherhood"; the third, and greatest, towards human nature—"the prize book" of his library. For all the comparative scantiness of his writing, and the mass of criticism poured out upon it, his work remains the most elusive and least analysable in all the long library of volumes of unchallenged fame. From the short essay of such a writer as Thackeray to the considerable, accurate, and brilliant effort of this latest biography ("Sterne: A Study." By Walter Sichel: Williams & Norgate), one after another of varied critics has essayed the effort. Why are these slight volumes, "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey," secure amongst the immortals? Their texture is often baffling and exasperating, their faults conspicuous—grossness, and a sentimentality more of an outrage, slyness, winking, innuendo, a playing with the reader which is so obviously a playing that the reader cannot be for a moment deceived. The pathos is at times worse than Dickens at his worst. The humor has none of the jolly boisterousness of Dickens at his best. The coarseness is not the clean outspokenness of Rabelais, but that of a clergyman telling nasty tales in the corner. The creed is the most barren of the eighteenth century—without inspiration, without depth; that surface emotion which desires that men and women should be friendly, and enjoy life, and put by, as far as possible, out of sight, the burden of man's destiny. Sterne is heart and soul of the time before the Revolution, the period which accepted the irony of things, and utilised their ultimate hardnesses and incongruities as the raw material of literature, and deduced from them that reform on any great scale was impossible. He travelled through France at about the same period as Arthur Young travelled, and through the same regions. They gazed upon a different universe. Sterne was sentimental, lamenting over a dead donkey, enjoying "sweetened rustic pleasures," blessing the Bourbons with a bottle of rich Burgundy, kneeling before the statue of Henri Quatre on the Pont Neuf and compelling all the passers-by to do the same. Arthur Young in the Lot was noting the dreadful fact that the children of the peasants looked like old men at twelve, and that the wives of the peasants appeared like moving manure heaps. The one saw a world in which a passable existence could be attained by philosophy, love-making and acceptance. The other saw that same world already clouded with the darkness of the coming storm.

Yet, despite all these faults, Sterne unconquerably abides: fascinating, triumphant, splendidly alive. With Swift he divides the position of the most "interesting" author of the eighteenth century. With Swift, Sterne, and perhaps Fielding, on one side of the balance, all the remainder on the other, few would hesitate long in the choice of preservation. Here it is neither knowledge, nor inspiration, nor power of satire and invective. Sterne took up no "cause" except that of general contentment, and fretted himself not the least because of evil-doers. It is a charm that defies analysis: partly in power of description of the surface views of life, standing there as fresh and sharp-cut, and sometimes as splendid, as if no hungry generations had trod them down. It is an intimacy that talks with you, and sees with you and through you, that takes you by the arm and rolls away the common hypocrisies and blindnesses, and welcomes with you the gigantic smile of the brown earth. It is an art which clings firmly and, in the end, successfully to the great simplicities of man's being: to the greatness of those simplicities. Birth and death and a narrow way between—that is all he can show you. What more does he want to make a theatre at which the sun and moon may be auditors, and all creation gaze astonished, admiring, or afraid?

It is a chill, dreary world from which this work of genius emerges: austere, limited, trivial, absorbed in petty, dusty, irrelevant things. The years passed by, in that North-country village, situate near a North-

country, provincial Cathedral town, the whole in the England where Walpole had just been ruling, which Wesley had not set alive. Casual association with a man of genius drags these creatures into an unwelcome survival. And here they remain; the precursor of the Cathedral quarrelling with the Dean; Elizabeth Lumley, who became his wife (and intolerable), "a tempest of a woman"; the phantasmal world of York, comfortable persons of moderate fortune and intelligence, "all the setting of the worldly-holy Cathedral circle, with those bickering intrigues after Church perquisites, that made it a miniature of London placemanship"; the phantasmal world of London, Lord This, my Lady That, persons of importance in their day, now all swept into regions beyond the reach of memory and regret. And Sterne walks through them all, "phantasmal" himself, living in shadows, making "a reverie of feeling and a drama of reverie." He detaches himself from the crowd, walks at length clean out of the picture, leaving it fading on the wall: Coxwold Church henceforth for ever deprived of its parson, the Georgian drawing-room company mouldering, deserted of one who for a moment kept them amused.

He has made, as Mr. Sichel rightly claims, the Southern sunlight immortal; in the dance after sunset on the road between Nismes and Lunelles. He has made immortal an hundred chance wayfarers of the road; as permanent as the long-legged man with the small cart who appropriated David Copperfield's cash in the Borough, or the aged Jew who was determined not to injure his family by offering more than fourpence for his "little weskit." Above all, he has made immortal that little spot of English ground—the bowling ground, sheltered from the house by a tall yew hedge, covered on the other three sides by rough holly and thickest flowering shrubs, where Uncle Toby refought with Corporal Trim the battles of Marlborough's wars, and uttered his unconscious and immortal wisdom. "There was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him." Sterne's real greatness, as Mr. Sichel asserts, lies here; the creation of a character which Hazlitt termed "one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature." "Whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, Corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march." "If He has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world and thou doest it like a man of honor—'tis enough for us." "Thou enviedst no man's comforts; insultedst no man's opinions—thou blackenedst no man's character—devouredst no man's bread." These sayings have become the common stuff of literature.

If a time ever should arise, of which some have dreamed, when men's hearts and the weather shall grow gentle, and the passions which torture and the lassitudes which dishonor alike be flung aside, it is to something like the existence and brave cheerfulness of that bowling green, in a long afternoon of life, that civilisation might ultimately attain. While the author was depicting it, he knew it was but transitory. The man who could put into it so much serene simplicity was a man coughing blood; with a troubled, on the whole unremunerated, life: ennobled amid much tawdriness by a large friendliness to the unfortunate and a courage in face of often imminent death. Sterne condemned the man who "travell'd straight on, looking neither to his right nor his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road." "In all his best writing the sob is never far from the smile." "Alack-o'-day," Trim cries, brightening his face. "Alack-o'-day, your honor knows I have neither wife nor child—I can have no sorrows in this world." One applauds "Uncle Toby's" "He shall not die, by God." But he died. And "Yorick" died also. Lessing would have given ten years of his life to prolong Sterne's. The great carriages drove incessantly to the wig-maker's, above whose shop the great man lay in his last illness. No human art could save him. He passed with his "quips and quiddities," in an encounter with reality, which he had studiously avoided, or decorated with the dreams of fancy. Less than a



generation afterwards the Paris drawing-rooms which had doted on him, and all that society which had thought itself rational and compassionate, were suddenly to be brought into destruction: by unsentimental forces, which found other impulses and ends than pleasant conversation, and drawing-room philanthropies, and all that world of make-believe and illusion.

#### LEONARDO'S NOTE-BOOKS.

THERE is a quaint saying of Robert Louis Stevenson's which springs to the memory at the first mention of Leonardo. "Of all the misbegotten changelings," he once wrote, "who call themselves men, and prate intolerably over dinner-tables, I never saw one who seemed worthy to inspire love, no, nor read of any except Leonardo da Vinci, and perhaps Goethe in his youth." It was a penetrating judgment which linked these two great names in a whimsical chain of glory. They make in the ear such music as comes only from legendary beauty. One might mate them in the world of ideas with Helen and with Cleopatra. Of other men one may think as soldiers or philosophers, as painters or artists. But they are men, and it is their supreme distinction that one would resent, as the action of a pedant and a detractor, an attempt to class them in any tribe less universal. They hold in our fancy the place which Job and Faust enjoyed in legend. If we were confronted with a Mephistopheles urging that man had used reason only to become more beastly than any beast, it would be to Goethe and to Leonardo that we should refer him for the vindication of our species. It may, indeed, be true that Leonardo was worthy to inspire love. Our only doubt of his claim to the greatness which Stevenson ascribes to him, lies in our uncertainty whether he was worthy to feel it. For among all the chronicles that talk of Leonardo, and all the papers which have given immortality to his fugitive thoughts, one chapter only is lacking. Goethe's life was a pilgrimage of passion. Leonardo's was a triumphal procession of self-conquest, in which the chained victim was himself. He lives for most of us by his eternal women. Monna Lisa, for whom the world was at once a mystery and a satisfaction, could inspire a passion in a Pater. But Leonardo saw her very much as he saw the blue rocks of his Alpine landscapes or the flayed muscles of his anatomical drawings. They were problems for his art, verses in his long hymn to intellectual beauty. One phrase only among his manuscripts suggests another reading of his life, and even that phrase has the austerity of a Greek epigram—"If liberty is dear to you, may you never discover that my face is love's prison."

In all else the parallel between Leonardo and Goethe stands complete, and it stands unique. There was Rameau, to be sure—Rameau the gracious and the inhuman, who boasted that he could have set the Treaty of Utrecht to music. He, indeed, wrote divine dance tunes, sarabandes for the stars, and minuets for Castor and Pollux, while he laid in precise formulæ the foundations of the musical science of sound. But what other artist, save Goethe and Leonardo, since the world began, has been supreme alike in the greenery of creation and the grey work of theory? What other minds but theirs have joined the athletes at the greater Olympic games, entered for every event, and won the crown at them all? Leonardo—doubting learnedly of the Deluge, investigating the flight of birds, probing, in defiance of the Church, among the still forbidden secrets of anatomy, anticipating all but the full discoveries of Harvey, recording in one bold sentence the shattering fact that the sun does not move about the earth, speculating with more than the acumen of the inspired amateur on the problems of hydrostatics—this Leonardo assuredly would have lived among the pioneers of science if he had never learned to handle a brush, as Goethe would have lived by his experiments with color, if he had never rhymed a line. Typical both of them were of their age, but how strangely aloof from it they stand! One thinks of Leonardo contemplating the foolish ruin of Novara—it interrupted his statue-making while it

broke a dynasty—as one thinks of Goethe fleeing uncomprehending from the irrelevant slaughter of Valmy. They towered like the pointed pinnacles of Leonardo's own landscapes above the wars and invasions of their time, without a country, without a city, bringing a fleeting distinction with them to the tyrant or conqueror who received them. They went their way, achieving serenely the full development of all their powers. It was no accident that both of them lived to a great old age. Longevity was not the gift of fortune. It was part of their genius. It was as much an incident of their spiritual structure as the longevity of a raven or an elephant. One is no more surprised by it than one is surprised by the survival of the Colosseum or the Parthenon. It was part of their power of patience; it was a fruit of their masterful will. Leonardo, one suspects, prolonged his own years as deliberately as he planned the colossal horse of the Sforza statue. "I obey Thee, O Lord," he wrote, "first, because of the love which I ought reasonably to bear Thee; secondly, because Thou knowest how to shorten or prolong the lives of men." The two great careers ran to their end in obedience to an internal force. They made their own conditions. They subjugated their own environment. They forced their own channels through the mountains of difficulty.

Both men had the instinct of self-revelation. But Leonardo disdained the triviality of orderly narrative, and fortune gave him no Eckermann. It is a luminous chaos which research has brought to light in his note-books, and even in the admirably arranged and brilliantly translated edition which Mr. Edward McCurdy has just prepared for the English reader ("Leonardo da Vinci's Note-Books," Duckworth), one is bewildered by the disorder, while one is dazzled by the versatility of his mind. There are pages of epigrams and aphorisms, some of them almost banal in their proverbial wisdom, some few of an arresting and original beauty.

"Where there is most power of feeling, there of martyrs is the greatest martyr."

"While I thought I was learning how to live, I have been learning how to die."

"Life well spent is long."

"Vows begin when hope dies."

"Helen, when she looked in her mirror and saw the withered wrinkles which old age had made in her face, wept and wondered to herself why ever she had twice been carried away."

"Necessity is the theme and artificer of nature, the bridge and the eternal law."

"Intellectual passion drives out sensuality."

It is a naïve wisdom that speaks in these sayings, just removed by a certain swiftness and sureness of thought from the commonplace. One feels, in reading them, as though one were turning the crabbed pages of a collection of Pre-Socratic fragments. But, indeed, there is much in Leonardo that suggests rather some newly discovered Eleatic philosopher than a man of the Renaissance. Even his scientific speculations, the reasoning from sea-shells as to the world's history, the hymn to the earth as a living organism, the rapture of the passages that talk of law and necessity in nature, might be mistaken for lost fragments from Empedocles. This acute, inquiring, but as yet unsystematic, mind, searching for method, but not as yet enchained by it, daring to speculate on all things, but as yet unrestrained by a great body of unquestioned science, belonged spiritually to the world of the first metaphysicians and the first sophists. Its ardor, its curiosity, its assurance, seem Greek rather than modern. Greek, too, are the quaint riddles which Leonardo flung together in his volume of "prophecies." One reads them, at a first assault, with a certain wonder and revulsion. Are they childish? Are they senile? What possessed a great thinker and a great artist to record a set of puzzles which would have delighted an early Greek sophist or a modern schoolboy. "The forests," we read, "will bring forth young who will become the cause of their death"—a prophecy which refers to the handle of the hatchet. Or, "You shall behold the bones of the dead by their rapid movement directing the fortunes of their mover"—a

prediction which foreshadows dice. But, as one reads on, one perceives that this homely Sibyl has a message. The prophecies suddenly acquire a vein of bizarre and outrageous anti-clericalism. Indulgences, the mass, the confessional, the use of the crucifix, the sincerity of friars, are all in turn the butt of this singular form of humor. And then, among fooling about feather-beds and ovens, one comes on such a "prophecy" as this, under the heading "Bees."

"And many others will be robbed of their store of provisions and their food, and by an insensate folk will be cruelly immersed and drowned. O Justice of God! Why dost Thou not awake to behold thy creatures thus abused?"

Later vaticinations protest against the ill-usage of asses and other beasts of burden, and the whole concludes with an outburst against "the cruelty of men," who deal out "death, afflictions, labors, terrors, and banishment to every living thing," and make of their own bodies "the tomb of all the living bodies which they have slain." Can it be that Leonardo spoke in parables and wrote obscurely for the same reason that Heracleitus was obscure—to evade the risk of persecution? He had to leave Rome because of his impiety in dissecting corpses. He may have collected his riddles simply that he might safely embed among their naïve foolishness his free-thinking and humanitarian opinions.

The learned world will never tire of investigating these note-books, if only because, as Stevenson said, Leonardo could inspire love. We make excursions into the strange world of the master's thinking, as a lover explore the subtleties and delicacies of his mistress's mind. It pleases us to know that he guessed before Copernicus knew, divined before Harvey demonstrated, and taught in parables the humanities which Isaac Newton and Voltaire were to preach against the callous sophistries of the Cartesians. But the real epoch in the development of the human mind is marked in these note-books by the minute, yet romantic, descriptions of nature. Who before him had attempted such intimate and faithful renderings of landscape? Who had studied the lighting of mountain mists or the apparent coloring of leaves in sunshine? Sometimes, as in the famous passages on the storm and the battle, he writes as a painter anxious chiefly to leave behind him technical precepts. But there is, in the fragment which describes how he found a cave by the sea-shore, and in it the bones of some sea-monster, an eloquence worthy of Sir Thomas Browne. In the painting of the emotions of wonder, in the suggestion of mystery and fear, in the imaginative realization of the life of the great creatures of the sea, this passage belongs to the great literature of romance.

"O time, swift despoiler of created things. How many kings, how many peoples hast thou brought low! How many changes of state and circumstance have followed since the wondrous form of this fish died here in this hollow, winding recess! Now destroyed by time, patiently thou liest within this narrow space, and, with thy bones despoiled and bare, art become an armour and support to the mountain which lies above thee."

The portent of Leonardo's mind was not that he could imagine thus boldly, nor yet that he could patiently work with the scalpel. It was the combination of these powers which made his genius unique. The man who painted for us the Madonna of the Rocks and Monna, the Sphinx of Milan was also the man who boasted of the elaborate dissection of ten corpses. That wonderful naked foot of the Louvre Madonna, so gracious, so living, so full of silky movement as it caresses the air, Leonardo had counted its eighty several bones. That alluring outstretched neck, revealing, as it bends, the velvet of an undulating shoulder, he saw beneath it the tense postures of the deltoid muscle. "I want," he wrote, "to work miracles." Other artists imitated nature. He wrought on canvas the very process of creation.

### THE GREY.

It wraps the city in a softening cloak of varying tones that modify the light and shade into great harmonies of different grey. And to far circles of the countryside it marks the city's site, by day, with an overhang-

ing shroud of seeming storm, dirtying the distant blue.

During the brighter days of winter something of its effects are dimly seen; and even in the dissipating glare of summer sunshine, faint veils of it are always visible beyond. But the spring and autumn are its wonder-times.

With a marvellous diversity of shades it alters hourly. When night and the dark morning hours have passed, the grey remains, enveloping the city in a mist from which the buildings gradually emerge, faintly by reason of the hanging haze. As the immediate structures grow from shadows into stone, it turns to blue—the soft smoke color of slowly-burning wood; and only adjacent things are sharp and clear. For it makes the middle-distant buildings, shapes in grey; and all beyond is vacancy. Later this curtain changes to a veil, diaphanously tinting everything with grey atmosphere; but always in the distance is the haze. Then, slowly, as the noon grows evening, the blue returns and hangs and settles down in deepening shade, and merges the contours of the fading buildings into great looming blocks and misty lines. And as they slowly disappear, obliterated in the gloomy nothingness of night, the blue-tinged curtain becomes a pall, changing by imperceptible degrees to dingy black, through which the lights burn glistening holes.

Thus, in a scale of shades, changing across the day, it wraps the Big Grey City tenderly.

By reason of its all-pervading garb, the city seems divided into planes, where detail disappears in graded shades. The crowding buildings mark the different planes.

For shade by shade, they vanish in the grey, as the sky-lines of a distant range of hills. Only the nearer structures show their lines of eaves and angles and roofs and towers and domes, huddling and jutting out and pressing up in packed disorder, sombrely detailed. The rest—flat outlines filled with paling greys—loom out in dark relief with fretted edge, and crowd behind in gradually fading tiers; and, according to the day, they stop obliterated, or fade, receding back and back in separate successive planes of grey, until they become mere dry-point lines of outlines in the sky.

The harmony of its effects is everywhere. It turns the distant traffic into misty shapes which fade or darken, as they go or come, or cross like shadows moving against banks of haze; and in its mistiness the crowds are changed to moving bands of black which quickly smudge. For in the streets and thoroughfares it seems to pack. So that the paling perspectives of their blurred facades finish without an end, foreclosed in mist; and only the pavement and the road are dark. It makes the wider thoroughfares vistas of blurring atmosphere, where moving things come out and separate, taking their proper shape as they approach, or merge into a misty mass, as they recede between faint structures of unreality. The smaller streets are lanes of grey; and even the further sides of squares are mellowed distantly.

It makes the parks dim wonderlands of haze. With isolating banks of darkening mist it cloaks the restlessness of the bordering streets; so that the sullen roar seems out of place, because in the spaces of encircled green something of the quiet of the country overhangs. The interlacing traceries of trees recall the dignity of wooded solitudes, as they change to spider-webs of fineness, and fade to films; and through the wondrous complexities of twisted lines, chance openings of darker mist add a suggestion of solemnity.

It cloaks the river in a mystery of mist, where the jagged outlines of the crowded sides loom out and jut across the bending reach, or sweep around in towering facades and fade in sideless vacancies of haze; and the boats and barges float away in space, or drift through an arch of grey and disappear beyond the shadowy outline of a bridge.

So though it changes with each varied day—darkening to gloom or silvered by the sun—with something of its greyness all things are tinged and dignified.

The mantle of it rises to the sky. So that im-



mediately above it dulls the sun and screens the dazzle of passing clouds; and beyond, where sky and houses meet, it darkens the high horizon to a smudge. And when the lowered sun is growing red, it separates the city into halves; eastwards, a press of fairy palaces, pink and ethereal and bright; westwards, great towering blocks of looming blue; and it adds a misty beauty to the after-glow. Even when wind and rain have washed the air, it dims the transient clearness with faint gossamers of grey. For it enwraps the city every way—above and around and through.

And though the sober mantle of its dignity seems to condemn the turmoil of unrest, it garbs the city suitably. For a certain obliterating sameness pervades the herded people and their aims.

It is as if they felt the influence of the grey; and the mantle of its greyness smothered them. Thus to an effacing uniformity the crowds succumb. And all who come conform; according to their susceptibilities they yield, at once or after a little while. For though they bring the memories of their distant homes, and a native ruggedness or simplicity or light-heartedness, sooner or later they assimilate in thought and deed; and even peculiarities of speech are modified. They seem to get enveloped in the mist. They come and are swallowed up and lose themselves.

And as the buildings and the streets are merged into great masses of flat evenness, in which the finer details become blurred, so to a level similarity the individuality of the people seems to fade, and much that is worthy of retention disappears.

The obliterating greyness seems to blur their lives, so that the finer feelings become smudged. For as they strive to play, and fight and grope to live, youthful illusions and ideals fade; and innocence is blurred, and customs and beliefs and codes grow dim, and trust and sincerity seem distant things. Thus in the Big Grey City of the Great Unrest much that is really bright grows indistinct, and much that is very valuable is wholly lost.

And what remains is often half-concealed by reason of the uniformity. Thus quiet love and courage and kindliness go soberly in black, along with erring, struggling humanity and selfishness; and by their obscurity their value grows.

So is the beauty of some structures lost, while others are enhanced to grander lines by being only half-disclosed against a background of vacancy.

Because in the enwrapping atmosphere of grey so much of human integrity is lost, the wonderment at what remains is multiplied. Thus, as the grey obliterates and improves dead things of stone, so by the very contrast to its seeming influence on men it seems to enhance all human rectitude. Such is the wonder and suggestion of the grey.

## Short Studies.

### FAITH.

MR. JAMES PARSONS, when he left off watch and clock-making in Cornhill, retired to Axhaven, a little town on the sea-coast. He had taken a fancy to Axhaven when he was young. His watches and clocks were known all over the world for the accuracy of their performance. He was very proud of them, and, although his business was profitable, refused to part with it. He had no son to whom he could leave it. A handsome offer was made for the use of his name, but he could not be tempted. "No watch nor clock," said he, "shall bear my name which has not passed through my hands." He was only sixty years old when he bade farewell to Cornhill, but even then he dreaded lest his later work should be found unequal to his earlier. "Ah! if you can only get one of the watches or clocks he made before he began to fail a bit," was often in his ears.

His watch and clockmaking had led him to take an interest in astronomy. He had a reflecting telescope,

a transit instrument, and an astronomical clock in his back garden at Stockwell, and he took them to Axhaven. Often when not a sound was to be heard save the mysterious salute of the owl far up the narrow valley, he spent hours on clear nights with his reflector, calmed and awed by the spectacle which unfolded itself before him. He aimed at no particular scientific results. He was content merely to look.

The transit instrument was used for checking the clock's rate. For thousands of years had time been marked to a second by those eternal stars for Chinese and Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians.

One day in August, Parsons set out for a walk to a village five miles distant. The shortest road lay across the shallow basin of the outlet to the river, which was so twisted at that point that often it was quite calm inside when outside it was rough. Within three hours of high water the river was fordable. The middle of the estuary, in consequence of a rise in the river bed, was dry for some time after low water, and was surmounted by a huge stone or smooth rock, the top of which at neap tide was never quite submerged. At a distance of about twenty feet on each side ran a fairly deep channel. Supported by the rock was a tide gauge with feet and inches marked on it.

When Parsons came to the river on his way home, it was about half-past three in the afternoon, and the neap tide had just begun to flow. It was intensely hot and sultry. He crossed the first channel, and lay down to rest for a moment on the sand close to the gauge and under the rock. Alas! tired out with his long tramp and the heat, he fell fast asleep. When he woke it was dusk, and the sun had just set. The water where he was sitting had risen very nearly to his waistcoat pocket, or almost to his knees when he stood up. Instantly he waded to the edge of each channel. They were both out of his depth, and he could not swim. There was no house within a mile and a half of him, and no chance of making himself heard by any traveller. Nobody would be using the road in that state of the tide. He retreated to the rock and began to think. He had made a study of the tides, and, having looked at the almanac before he started, had found that it was high-water at the gauge at 8.57 p.m. that day. Of course there were small irregularities due to wind, but when the water was so glassy calm as it was that evening, almanac and gauge always agreed. His watch showed 7.30 p.m. He placed it in a hollow in the stone on a level with his eyes. It had bold, black figures, so that he could read it in the faintest glimmer of light. If it was really 7.30, the tide would continue to rise for an hour and twenty-seven minutes only, and would not touch his lips. If the watch had gained; if, say, it was actually 7.20, the tide would flow for ten minutes longer and he might be drowned. He could trust the perfect little instrument unhesitatingly. He did not suffer much from cold, for the water was almost tepid, and he believed he could endure without much difficulty. Up to eight o'clock he was at peace.

Suddenly he was assaulted with horrible fears. He had not taken an observation for six weeks, and he could not recollect that he had used the watch lately. This was the fact on which the Devil laid hold, but what kind of a fact was it? It was worthless. The watch had often gone for three months without alteration, and had not been wrong by more than a minute. He reasoned with himself as well as he could; he went over the same reasons again and again, but his nerves shook, his brain was in confusion, and he made sure he should faint and drop. A ghastly dread such as he had never known in his life before paralysed him. He pictured himself lying on the sand down there; and then he saw himself carried home in a cart to-morrow.

The stars had now appeared. There was the great Bootes sloping silently to the west; and there was Arcturus. The thought of his observatory stayed with him for a moment: that was the same Bootes, the same Arcturus. He looked again at his watch: it was 8.30, and the desperate struggle continued. With all his might he fought: he stiffened himself, and drew his arms rigidly down beside him. Lo! in an instant his

faith was restored; the flutter of his heart ceased; the adversary spread his wings and was seen no more. He was able to measure mentally and near enough for assurance: the water was exactly the height it ought to be. He could now quietly watch the constellation and the star declining. At 8.50 the tide was round his neck, but he was undisturbed. Once for all he had conquered. He threw back his head a trifle: at 8.58—it was within a minute—the slow, upward, unruffled creep had ceased. At 9.15 he heard the beat of oars. A coastguard boat was coming down with the tide and took him on board.

Parsons, when he told the story, used to say the adventure was a trial of his faith. It was rightly named. If he could have been asked in the midst of his terror whether he believed in his watch, he would have assented without hesitation. He *must* believe it. How could he mistrust hundreds of tests. Doubt would be an insult, almost a crime. Nevertheless his belief was impotent. Faith was wanting. Faith is not belief in fact, demonstration, or promise. It is sensibility to the due influence of the fact, something which enables us to act upon it, the susceptibility to all the strength there is in the fact, so that we are controlled by it. Nobody can precisely define it. It was faith, asserting itself, which saved the watchmaker. It was faith, essentially the same, which brought Mackenzie on the deck of the foundering "Pegasus," which called the crew and passengers round him, which hushed them all, facing death, which sang and prayed with them till the vessel sank. All we can say about it is that it comes by the grace of God, and that failure to see the truth is not so lamentable as failure to be moved by it.

He that hath ears to hear let him hear. If you ever see a Parsons watch buy it. Sell something for it if you have not got the ready money. When you have bought it, stand by it; train yourself by never doubting it. Do not alter it on the authority of any other watch nor of any clock; no, not even if it be church or cathedral.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

## Present-Day Problems.

### "UNREST" IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

THE principle which dominates British policy in the administration of backward races and countries is that we govern such territories and people primarily, not in our own interests, but in those of the inhabitants. At the same time, there is a good deal of worldly wisdom in this position, for in the proportion to which we are true to that ideal of "blessing others," "we ourselves are blessed." Britain's noblest sons have with their own bodies built causeways in the hinterlands of the world. The expenditure of Imperial funds has been enormous. This has been coupled with the earnest labors of the Colonial Office, prodigally given that the uncivilised or barbarous may be encouraged along the path of progress! In spite of this benevolent shepherding, "unrest," "disaffection," even "revolt," in a greater or less degree, is constantly occurring, first in one part, then in another, of the British dominions.

"Unrest" is now reported in Southern Nigeria, and it is to be met by a Sedition Ordinance of almost infinite, but certainly dangerous, scope—an ordinance which, by the way, would create "sedition" in almost any civilised country. The Attorney-General, when introducing the Bill to the Legislative Council, informed the members that "this is a Bill which I may say at once has been drafted at home." Any African student can, after reading the Ordinance, appreciate the object of this remark; because to have allowed parentage to be assumed would have invited the charge of abysmal ignorance upon native customs. The chief difficulty is that of comprehending the inexplicable reason why Sir Walter Egerton could inspire the Colonial Office to such

action; probably it is due to the fairly long and strenuous period the Governor has lived in the malaria-haunted district of Lagos. In the local debates on the Bill, "justification" for it was never once pleaded by any single official member—the unofficial members refused to take any responsibility for so extraordinary a measure. It is therefore incumbent upon the British public to ascertain what unstated reasons exist for the introduction of the Ordinance. Sedition there is none, nor has there been any seditious act recorded against these six millions of people during the period of fifty years that the territory has been a Crown Colony—truly a remarkable record for "barbarous Africa." There is, however, in the palaver house, on the banks of the lagoon, in the local press, criticism caustic and constant. As a people responsible for the government of this country, let us ask ourselves whether this criticism is justifiable, whether under similar circumstances we also should criticise—not oppose, bear in mind—but criticise in a constitutional manner.

Three Acts of the Government have undoubtedly irritated the native taxpayers—the railway scandals, the racecourse removals, the establishment of a State church.

The building of a Government railway, the burden of which the British and native taxpayer must bear, at least for a time, has been accompanied by a certain laxity of effective control and a gross waste of public funds. We are informed that railway employees have been pressed into the personal service of the staff, that the auditors discovered a serious deficiency in railway stock; indeed, the superintending engineer reported in the autumn of 1908 that "It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of pounds' worth of material have thus been lost to the Government." This deficiency and waste was severely criticised, as, indeed, is the extravagance of to-day. The native taxpayer argues that, as in the ultimate resort he must pay, he has the right to act as critic.

It is difficult to understand the necessity of a racecourse in tropical Africa, but, having the racecourse, it was perhaps natural that the vision of the spectators should not be offended by native houses in its vicinity. There can be little doubt that such a state of affairs would be extremely insanitary—therefore the houses must go, and the homes of the people be broken up. Thousands of unoffending folk, we are told, were removed, and it is estimated that hundreds certainly, but probably nearly two thousand people, wandered about homeless for weeks. This high-handed action was deeply resented by the people; no hostile act was committed, but again the chief leaders among the natives criticised the Government.

In 1905 a proposal was made that the Government should provide £100 per annum, as grant-in-aid towards the maintenance of the Anglican clergyman stationed at Lagos. This proposal, in the course of a few weeks, grew to one of £500. Mr. Lyttelton refused to agree to more than £300, with certain limitations. Lord Elgin maintained the attitude of Mr. Lyttelton.

Towards the close of last year, however, after four years' advocacy by Sir Walter Egerton, Lord Crewe agreed not only to a grant-in-aid of £480-20-£580 as stipend for a clergyman, but to a sum not exceeding £5,000 out of Imperial funds, for the erection of another church at Lagos, thus providing it with twenty-one churches, including two of the Anglican communion. The natives criticise this, and point with considerable emphasis to the fact that out of the 400 whites at Lagos never more than twenty, or an average of seven only, set to the natives the Christian example of attending divine worship on Sunday!

In order to stifle criticism upon these subjects, the Southern Nigeria Sedition Ordinance has been introduced and forced through the Legislative Council with such speed that effective debate was not only impossible, but so hopeless that unofficial members left the Chamber in disgust.

The Ordinance is, unhappily, familiar enough. It was, apparently, obtained by the simple expedient of



sending an office boy round to the India Office for a copy, regardless of the fact that a gulf, centuries wide, separated the conditions of India from those prevailing in the Hinterland of the Bight of Benin.

The penalties under this Bill are two years' imprisonment, or a fine without any limit whatever—possibly both—for the criminal act of bringing the Government of Nigeria into contempt by "any word, either spoken or written, or by signs, or by visible representation or otherwise." The same preamble and penalty cover those who "attempt to promote feelings of enmity between different classes of the population of Southern Nigeria." It would seem that the governing authorities have themselves come perilously near the scope of this Act, for the railway scandals surely tend to create contempt of the Government. This Ordinance would be casting the net very wide in any country, but particularly in Africa, where, as the Hon. Spira Williams says: "Hyper-sensitive officials may come tomorrow who will see sedition in every criticism, and crime in every mass meeting."

"By signs or by visible representation or otherwise" is a most unfortunate clause when applied to Africa, the home of "Signs and Symbols." The suspended "medicine" at the village entrance, the weird moonlight "tom-tom," the split leopard skin, the impaled kernel, the chalk-marked relative of twins, may all be interpreted by the malaria-stricken official as an offence within the meaning of the Act. Men like Dennett and Nassau have devoted a lifetime of study to West African "Signs and Symbols," and even now confess that they are only at the threshold. How, then, can the largely inexperienced officials, who frequently cannot even speak the language of the people, expect or be expected to administer strict justice under such an Act.

In a few months fifty years will have elapsed since the Lagos district was ceded to the Crown. We shall soon be celebrating its Jubilee—a Jubilee period remarkable for its freedom from sedition. Over 6,000 of the inhabitants gathered together to protest indignantly against the implied charge of unrest, and to implore King Edward to refuse to commemorate this happy Jubilee by imposing upon his loyal subjects so dangerous an Act, which, in picturesque native eloquence, the senior white-cap chief, Ojora, addressing a vast concourse of people, said "will open the floodgates of intrigue by evil-disposed persons to degrade and demoralise our country." Fortunately, there is yet time to save the Government from becoming parties to the final passage of the Southern Nigeria Sedition Ordinance.

JOHN H. HARRIS.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE EVE OF THE PRUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I write to you *en route*, having been in the South for a few weeks.

The Prussian Franchise Bill has now passed three readings in the elected Chamber of the Prussian Diet.

The main alteration which the original Bill, as brought forward by the Government, has received in the Abgeordnetenhaus, is the substitution of the secret vote (the *ballot*) for the open vote registered by an official in the presence of notables of the locality. To compensate for this, the indirect vote, which the Government proposed to abolish, has been re-established, and the open vote maintained for the election of the members by the electors chosen by the voters in their several wards. This is the compromise of the Catholic Centre with the Conservative party. The latter conceded to the Centre the secret vote for the election of the electors, whilst the Centre has, in return, sacrificed the direct vote, which, by the way, the Government insisted on being open.

The compromise has been violently attacked by the parties of the Left, and, from a Radical democratic

standpoint, it is undoubtedly very objectionable. We need not discuss whether the open vote of the electors is the necessary *organic* sequel of the indirect mode of voting. Once this mode of voting is prescribed, it is of little consequence whether the electors vote openly or not. For, as a rule, they are elected as party men, so to speak, stamped already in the first election as such, and, if they are subjected to intimidation at all, they are already marked men. Only in such cases it is different where people in a dependent situation are compelled by their superiors to act as electors of a party to which they do not belong by conviction, and, as this happens mostly in rural districts, the Conservatives are, indeed, greatly interested in the preservation of the open vote of the electors. But, on the whole, it is the indirect mode of voting which is the evil. It works, as a rule, to the advantage of the economically stronger and politically privileged section of the community.

Nevertheless, the Conservatives feel not at all satisfied with the compromises. The secret vote of the first voters is indeed a small breach in the wall of their present preserves; but it is at least a breach, and one never knows beforehand how far it will be possible to keep such a breach from growing wider. One stone taken out loosens the coherence of a number of others. To-day thousands and thousands of voters—postmen, railwaymen, clerks, and other officials—vote in Prussia as their superiors desire them to vote—*i.e.*, mostly Conservative. In future they may vote, if not yet for Socialists, at any rate for Liberals, and in Prussia a small shifting of the centre of gravity away from the Conservatives may mean the beginning of the end of their power. Thus regarded, the very small change in the distribution of the classes of the electorate, provided in the Bill, is also a menace to their privileged position. As much as possible has been done in Committee to minimise the danger. But it is an old experience that all such calculations and refinements are apt to deceive in their effect their very authors. With all its checks, the Bill is a leap in the dark, and whether it will not finally mean, from the standpoint of the squirearchy, shooting Niagara—to quote Carlyle—nobody knows. Hence the uneasiness of its party. The hesitation of the Conservative leaders to vote the Bill in its present state was not wholly feigned.

But the general political situation is such that even the most influential men in the State are not any longer free to act as they wish. According to their constitutional rights, the Prussian Lords are entitled to veto the work of the Abgeordnetenhaus, and not a few of the Conservatives would like them to do so. But this would mean a continuation, and most likely also an intensification, of the popular agitation, and the Government, which is well informed of the spirit of the masses, desires the contrary, and urges the leaders of the Conservative groups not to push matters to an extreme. The workers in Prussia have gained or taken the right to demonstrate in the streets. All prohibitions and warnings on the part of the authorities notwithstanding, they have again and again appeared in such masses in the streets of all the great and many of the smaller towns that the police were met with the dilemma either of calling military force to their aid or allowing the demonstrations to go on. Well aware of the grave consequences the former may have, they chose the latter course. It was the best they could do. But it did not spare them a defeat. They saw, and see, themselves now put to ridicule. Their indulgence has not disarmed the demonstrators any more than their menaces could frighten them.

In the history of all countries there are periods when everything its rulers do to crush a movement of opposition works out against them. Prussia seems to be approaching that point rapidly. It has become almost impossible to devise an electoral system that would prevent Social Democratic victories without damaging one of those parties which are, have been, or might be, governmental in the Prussian meaning of the word, *id est*, be supporters of the Ministers of the Crown without taking part in the Government. Not only the Social Democrats and the now united Freisinnige, but

also the National Liberals have voted against the Bill as amended by the Clerico-Conservative combine. To the latter, as well as to the Government of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, this is a most undesirable state of things. For a good many purposes, they want the National Liberals in the Government camp, just as the old Tory Party in Great Britain on occasion could not do without at least a large section of the Whigs by their side. But what the National Liberals want in regard to the franchise, the Clerico-Conservative combine cannot grant without damaging its electoral chances, and *vice versa*.

Thus the question whether the division or distribution of the electorate into the three classes of voters shall be carried out by electoral wards or districts, or by whole communes or municipalities, has become a very bone of contention between the National Liberals and the combine. The National Liberals want the division made by, or for, the communes as a whole; the Catholics insist on having it made by, or for, electoral wards. In the towns the latter would be the more democratic mode. For in the working-class parts or suburbs of the towns it makes a good many workers and business people who vote with them voters of the second, some even of the first class, and thus makes working-class victories possible. It was only in consequence of this that it was possible, in 1908, for the few Socialists who are in the Diet to be elected at all. A division of the voters by whole towns will, on the other hand, strengthen the electoral power of the middle classes, so that, as far as this question is concerned, the Catholics are less inimical to the workers than the National Liberals. But the latter, on the other hand, have so far, together with the Socialists and the Freisinnige, insisted on the direct election of the members, or at least the secret ballot at the second vote—points where the Catholics have given way to the reactionary demands of their Conservative allies—and claim also a redistribution of seats, giving to the towns and the industrial centres at least some of the increased power in the legislature to which they are entitled by their population and their taxation.

It has been the endeavor of the Government to reconcile the conflicting interests of the two wings of its possible supporters. But the task has proved hard for the political capacity or strength of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, and now it seems as if he desires the Herrenhaus to accept the Clerico-Conservative compromise, so that the Bill in its present state may become law, and the question of further amendments, for some time at least, be shelved. But it is not quite certain whether the Junkers of that house will do him the favor, whilst the popular movement will certainly not subside.

The agitation has gained a formidable strength already, and the intrigues in the ranks of the ruling parties can only add to its recruiting power. A *rap-prochement* of the advanced Liberals and the Social Democrats, never before seen in Prussia, has been effected by the course of events, and more and more of the rank and file of the National Liberals are drawn into the movement. If the word be taken in its wider historical sense, it is not too much to say that we are on the eve of a revolution in Prussia.—Yours, etc.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Zurich, March 24th, 1910.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE POLITICAL POSITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Reading again, after an interval of many years, Grant Allen's brilliant little volume of essays, called "Post-prandial Philosophy," I came across two so appropriate to the present political situation that I trust you will be able to find room for the following extracts, which I hope may

induce such of your readers as do not know the book to read it for themselves.

"A Second Chamber acts as a drag. Progress is always uphill work. So we are at pains to provide a drag beforehand—for an uphill journey. . . . Theorists, indeed (wise after the fact, as is the wont of theorists), have discovered or invented an imaginary function for Second Chambers. They are to preserve the people, it seems, from the fatal consequences of their own precipitancy. . . . The ideal picture of the level-headed peers restraining the youthful impetuosity of the representatives of the people from committing to-day some rash act they would gladly repent and repeal to-morrow, is both touching and edifying. But it exists only in the minds of philosophers, who find a reason for everything just because it is there. Members of Parliament, I have observed, seem to know their own minds every inch as well as earls—nay, even as marquises.

"The plain fact of the matter is, all the Second Chambers in the world are directly modelled upon the House of Lords, that Old Man of the Sea, whom England, the weary Titan, is now striving so hard to shake off her shoulders. . . . Senates and Upper Houses are just the results of irrational Anglomania. When constitutional government began to exist, men turned unanimously to the English Constitution as their model and pattern. That was perfectly natural. Evolutionists know that evolution never proceeds on any other plan than by reproduction with modification of existing structures. America led the way. She said, 'England has a House of Commons; therefore we must have a House of Representatives. England has also a House of Lords; Nature has not dowered us with those exalted products, but we will do what we can; we will imitate it by a Senate.' Monarchical France followed her lead, so did Belgium, Italy, civilisation in general. But mark now the irony of it. They all of them did this thing to be entirely English. And just about the time when they had completed the installation of their peers, or their senators, England, who set the fashion, began to discover in turn, she could manage a great deal better herself without them.

"And, then, what do the philosophers do? Why, they prove to you the necessity of a Second Chamber by pointing to the fact that all civilised nations have got one—in imitation of England. Furthermore, it being their way to hunt up abstruse and recondite reasons for what is, on the face of it, ridiculous, they argue that a Second Chamber is a necessary wheel in the mechanism of popular representative government.

"With so much wisdom are the kingdoms of the earth governed. How else could anyone in his senses have devised the idea of creating one deliberative body on purpose to mutilate and destroy the work of another? To produce from time to time a periodical crisis or a periodical deadlock? There is not a country in the world with a Second Chamber that does not twice a year kick and plunge to get rid of it.

"The House of Lords was once a reality. It consisted of the ecclesiastical hierarchy—the bishops and mitred abbots; with the official hierarchy—the great nobles, who were also great satraps of provinces, and great military commanders. It was thus mainly made up of practical life-members appointed by merit. The peers, lay and spiritual, were the men who commended themselves to the Sovereign as able administrators. Gradually, with prolonged peace, the hereditary element choked and swamped the nominated element. . . . The peer ceased to be the leader of a shire, and sank into a mere idle landowner. Wealth alone grew, at last to be a title to the peerage. . . . And the English people submitted to the claim of irresponsible wealth or irresponsible acres to exercise a veto upon national legislation. The anomaly, utterly indefensible in itself, had grown up so slowly that the public accepted it—nay, even defended it. . . . But if we strip the facts bare from the glamor that surrounds them, the plain truth is this—England allows an Assembly of hereditary nobodies to retard or veto its legislation nowadays, simply because it never noticed the moment when a practical House of administrative officers lapsed into a nest of plutocrats." (On Second Chambers, pp. 199-205.)

In another essay, "On the Matter of Aristocracy," in the same volume, he writes:—

"It is a plain historical fact, provable by simple enumeration, that almost all the aristocracies the world has ever known have taken their rise in the conquest of civilised and cultivated races by barbaric invaders; and that the barbaric invaders have seldom or never learned the practical arts and handicrafts which are the civilising element in the life of the conquered people around them. . . .

"From first to last the aristocrat remains what Matthew Arnold so justly called him, a barbarian. . . . In the early middle ages he did not even condescend to read and write, those inferior accomplishments being badges of serfdom. If you look closely at the 'occupations of a gentleman' in the present day, you will find they are all of purely barbaric character. They descend to us direct from the semi-savage invaders who overthrew the structure of the Roman Empire, and replaced its civilised organisation by the military and barbaric system of feudalism. The 'gentleman' is, above all things, a fighter, a hunter, a fisher—he preserves the three simplest and commonest barbaric functions. He is not a practitioner of any civilised or civilising art—a craftsman, a maker, a worker in metal, in stones, in textile fabrics, in pottery. These are the things that constitute civilisation; but the aristocrat does none of them. . . . The things he may do are, to fight



by sea and land, like his ancestor the Goth and his ancestor the Viking; to slay pheasant and partridge, like his predatory forefathers; to fish for salmon in the Highlands; to hunt the fox, to sail the yacht, to scour the earth in search of great game—lions, elephants, buffalo. His one task is to kill—either his kind or his quarry. . . . Their crests and coats of arms are but the totems of their savage predecessors, afterwards utilised by medieval blacksmiths as distinguishing marks for the summit of a helmet. They decorate their halls with savage trophies of the chase, like the Zulu or the Red Indian. . . . They love to be surrounded by grooms and gamekeepers, and other barbaric retainers; they pass their lives in the midst of serfs; their views about the position of women—especially the women of the 'lower orders'—are frankly African. They share the sentiments of Achilles as to the individuality of Chryseis and Briseis.

"All over Europe, the truly civilised classes have gone on progressing by the practice of peaceful arts from generation to generation; but the aristocrat has stood still at the same half-savage level, a hunter and fighter, an orgiastic roysterer, a killer of wild boars and wearer of absurd medieval costumes, too childish for the civilised and cultivated commoner.

"Government by aristocrats is thus government by the mentally and morally inferior. And yet a Bill for giving at last some scant measure of self-government to persecuted Ireland has to run the gauntlet, in our nineteenth century England, of an irresponsible House of hereditary barbarians!"

This was written seventeen years ago; we are now well into the twentieth century.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD TAYLOR.

25, Kenilworth-road,  
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The present position of affairs is one of peculiar hazard to the fortunes of the Liberal Party. Defeat on the Budget in April, or on the Veto Resolutions in May, is practically certain; the only uncertainty consists in whether the blow will be delivered in the Commons or in the Lords. Much will depend upon this, for should the Budget be defeated in the House of Commons, the General Elections that must follow will result in a Conservative victory and a long tenure of office by a strong Conservative Government. On the other hand, a dissolution following upon a defeat of the Veto Resolutions in the Lords will most probably result in a third Liberal victory at the polls. The Nationalists, therefore, must seriously consider the result of voting against the Budget after the Easter recess, for should this great scheme of democratic finance perish through their opposition, they will not only strike a deadly blow at Liberalism, but they will alienate thousands of voters and delay the cause of Home Rule for at least a decade.

With reference to the relative advantages of the reform of the Upper Chamber, and of limiting its veto, it must be remembered that the former policy has the advantage of being much more difficult to reverse. A Tory majority in the Commons could easily undo what the Liberals had effected with reference to restricting the powers of the House of Lords; but they could not so easily set up again the old hereditary House of Peers in the face of a strong and efficient Upper Chamber which rested partially or wholly upon an elective basis.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BROOKES.

27, Park Road, Richmond,  
March 23rd, 1910.

## IRELAND AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Robert Lynd has been living in England for at least a decade; consequently his right to dogmatise on Irish questions is unimpeachable. There are none so bitter against "English tyranny," none so impatient of the Fabian tactics of the inhabitants of Ireland as the people who proudly inform you that their parents were "Hirish." England is seething with Irish rebels whose highest conception of patriotism is to make an Aunt Sally of the land of their adoption. I am a stay-at-home Irishman, and I neither love Ireland less nor hate England more for being such. Therefore I view the Budget perhaps through rosy-tinted spectacles, and not through the green-colored *pince-nez* of Hampstead.

Be that as it may, I differ entirely from Mr. Lynd's criticism of that measure. The findings of the Financial

Relations Commission are beside the mark. I agree that Ireland has been over-taxed in the past, and that she is owed an enormous sum in respect of over-taxation. But Mr. Lloyd George's Budget marks a step towards restitution, small, it is true, and no doubt unintentional. In 1908-9 the amount of Imperial taxation levied in Ireland was £9,250,000, of which only £583,000 went to Imperial services, the balance being spent in Ireland. Under the present Budget Ireland's contribution was raised to £9,785,000, while she received £11,300,000! Is this plunder, or a pillow "put over Ireland's face to smother her"? Of course, Mr. Lynd will retort that if we had Home Rule we should not have such extravagant expenditure, and consequently we would be free from such excessive taxation. I do not challenge the contention, but it is an argument not against the Liberal Budget but against the Unionist policy. Ireland's share of the total taxation of the United Kingdom for 1909-10 will, if the Budget passes, be reduced from something over 6 per cent to 4·2 per cent., and I really fail to see where the hardship comes in.

Mr. Lynd bids us prepare to shed a tear for Dunville, Guinness and Jameson, and against the two millions of old age pension money circulated among the Irish butchers, bakers, grocers, and drapers, he sets on high the half million drawn mainly from the coffers of "the trade." But even lesser mathematical luminaries than the Editor of "The Economist" do not require to play with figures to make out a calculation showing a substantial gain to Irish industries on the whole transaction.

But even had the Budget all the defects attributed to it by Mr. Lynd, I cannot discover any justification for his present outburst. Under the present system of government two separate Budgets for Great Britain and Ireland are impossible. Consequently, the only alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget is a Unionist one. Does Mr. Lynd suggest that the latter will deal more fairly with Ireland? If he does, then nothing remains but to leave him to the tender mercies of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. If he does not, his letter, however well meant, does a great disservice to Ireland. To attack the Liberal Budget is to attack the Liberal Party, and to attack the Liberal Party at the present juncture is to endanger the best chance of Home Rule Ireland has ever had. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the Budget inflicts a heavy burden on Ireland, is it not better to bear it for a little, since to do so means to hasten the day when Ireland will be able to budget according to her own means and requirements? Mr. Lynd is like the man with the muck rake, grubbing about among the reports of Royal Commissions, while all the while the crown of Irish self-government is being held out above his head.

But there is a further consideration I should like to express both to him and your readers. I am as good a Home Ruler as Mr. Lynd (and to be such in Belfast demands more courage than in London), but my regard for Irish interests does not swallow up my regard for the welfare of the British people. Not only is self-government for Ireland at stake, but self-government for the whole United Kingdom. If Liberalism triumphs, both are secured; if it is defeated, both are lost. Is this the time, then, to trot out the financial grievances of Ireland, and to use them as a weapon to bludgeon the only Government which stands for fair play for our country? What good does Mr. Lynd hope to achieve by swelling the Tory outcry against the Budget? It is impossible to alter it now. Does he wish it to be thrown out? If so, he must be prepared to accept the consequences. The defeat of the Budget would mean victory for more than Mr. Lynd. The House of Lords, justified in its action, would have become the predominant power in the State, and we might whistle in vain for Irish self-government and Irish Budgets till the breath left our bodies. But perhaps he desires no such consequences. Little as he may like the Liberal Party or its Budget, he may be prepared to put up with both rather than side-track Home Rule or disfranchise British democracy. If this is his real state of mind, why, in the name of common-sense, if I may base an appeal on this quality to a Sinn Féiner, should the measure which has brought Home Rule immeasurably nearer, "be led out and crucified on a cross" of ill-timed railing? Let Mr. Lynd in England "thole" a little longer, as we are doing in Ireland, and stop "girling" (he may

still remember these expressive Ulsterisms). Paris was worth a mass, and Home Rule is worth half-a-million extra taxes.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DAVEY.

Rea's Buildings, Royal Avenue, Belfast,  
March 29th, 1910.

### THE "ELEKTRA" OF STRAUSS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Shaw, by talking at such length about von Hofmannsthal's drama, has switched this discussion on to a side track; and "H. W. M.'s" article in last week's "NATION," acute and illuminative as it is on the literary points it touches, shows the necessity of bringing the discussion back to its starting-point. To myself and hundreds of other people there is a good deal that is crude and melodramatic in von Hofmannsthal's play. He is not content, for example, with having Aegisthus slaughtered at one window, but must needs have the poor man chased to another window and the agony prolonged there—for all the world, as one American critic put it, like a bullock in a Chicago stock-yard. But if other people like this and similar melodramatic effects, I am quite content that they should. My concern is not with the drama, but with the music. Surely the real question is not "What kind of a drama has von Hofmannsthal written?" but "What kind of music has Strauss written?" It is the music alone that will save the opera or damn it, as history abundantly proves. Fifty composers have set Goethe's "Faust" to music; but the greatness of the drama has not sufficed to save forty-five of these works from destruction. And if Smith writes another "Faust" to-morrow, the literary critics may rhapsodise as they please about Goethe's genius; but if Smith's music is not good his work will not have the ghost of a chance of keeping the stage. The "Elektra" question, then, is purely a musical one. My article, indeed, was entitled "Strauss and his 'Elektra'": it was Strauss the musician that I mostly fell foul of; and it was for daring to speak in that way of Strauss as a musician that Mr. Shaw got so absurdly angry with me. Now are we not all more likely to come to some kind of agreement on the matter if we make sure that we are all talking about the same thing?

Let me put my own position in a nutshell. No one admires the bulk of Strauss's work more than I do. But it seems to me indisputable that for some years now his musical faculty has been deteriorating. The first sure signs of this were to be seen in certain parts of the "Symphonia Domestica." In "Elektra" I hold it to be most marked. It takes four main forms. (1) Instead of getting to the very heart of a situation in his music, as he used to do, he is inclined to illustrate the mere externals of it; hence the facile and foolish pictorialism of such things as the "slippery blood" motive in "Elektra," or the orchestral delineations of Clytemnestra's jewels, the sacrificial procession, and so on. He sometimes does wonders of virtuosity in this way with the orchestra, but it is all as far from real music as a pianist's or violinist's display of technique for technique's sake can be. (2) He is degenerating into a bad and careless builder. Mr. Shaw may object to the phrase, but I repeat that it is ridiculously easy to put a score together as Strauss now does for pages at a time—flinging out a leading motive of three or four bars' length, and then padding unblushingly for twenty or thirty bars until another salient motive can be introduced. (3) He is often downright ugly. There were some shocking examples of this in the "Symphonia Domestica." In "Elektra," I do not know who would not call the opening scene ugly; even Mr. Kalisch, the most loyal Straussian in England, wrote that a second hearing did not alter his view that the music was "needlessly ugly." (4) His thematic invention is sometimes positively wretched now. This may not be so evident to one who hears "Elektra" for the first time, with all the excitement of the stage action and the orchestration to distract him, as it will be when he knows the music better. Thus "H. W. M." speaks of being carried off his feet as the opera swept to its end. I venture to say that when he has played through the final scene a hundred times, as I have done during the past twelve months, he will be appalled at the banality of the bulk of it; even the theme of the "recognition" is spoiled. He will hardly know

whether to laugh or cry—laugh at the barrel-organ jingle of some of the themes, or cry that a man like Strauss should have sunk so low. The solo of Chrysothemis is even worse in parts—let anyone, for example, play or sing pages 45 and 50-51 half a dozen times, and say if a tune like this is fit for anything but musical comedy or the music-halls. It is thus not a case, as Mr. Shaw imagines, of Strauss's art rushing ahead and myself being too slow to follow, but of his art worsening in quality and my declining to call five shillings a sovereign. It is not a case of the Wagner of "Lohengrin" developing into the Wagner of "Tristan," and so thinking far ahead of his old admirers, but of the Wagner of "Tristan" being smitten with a withered hand and degenerating every now and then into the melodic banalities of "Rienzi." There is great stuff in "Elektra"—the recognition scene, for instance, and a score or two of isolated pages here and there; but there is much that is mere orchestral bunkum—if I may use that word—and much that is downright commonplace.

And who are they who are most conscious of these things? Not the non-Straussians, but those who of old took Strauss for their leader! He began as a genius, as Bülow said of Mendelssohn, and is ending as a talent. If Mr. Shaw was dying to strike a blow for Strauss he should have done it years ago, when Strauss was worth fighting for; but to sing his praises now, when he has lost half the power, the originality, the resource, the fund of genuine feeling that made him so great, reminds me of the people in Mark Twain's story who valorously broke their night's rest, as they thought, to see the sunrise on the Rigi, and only discovered when the other people in the hotel were laughing at them that they had overslept themselves, and it was the sunset they were watching.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

March 30th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Just a last word with Mr. Newman. I make no apology for bullying him: the result has justified me. I leave it to your readers to say whether I have not wakened him up beneficially, as well as put a very different complexion on the case of Strauss and "Elektra." The anti-Strauss campaign was so scandalous that it was clear that somebody had to be bullied; and I picked out Mr. Newman because he was much better able to take care of himself than any of the rest. Most of them I could not have attacked at all: as well strike a child or intimidate an idiot.

I will now repeat my amusing performance of knocking Mr. Newman down flat with a single touch. He asks me, concerning a certain theme in "Elektra," to look at it honestly and tell him whether it is not banality itself. Certainly it is. And now will Mr. Newman turn to the hackneyed little "half close" out of which Handel made the "Hallelujah Chorus," and tell me honestly whether it is not—and was not even in Handel's own time—ten times as banal as the Chrysothemis motif? Strange how these men of genius will pick up a commonplace out of the gutter and take away our breath with it; and how, as they grow older and more masterful, any trumpery diatonic run, or such intervals of the common chord as have served the turn of thousands of postboys, dead and alive, will serve their turn, too!

Fancy trying that worn-out banality gambit on an old hand like me!

Now for Mr. Newman's final plea, with its implicit compliment to myself, which I quite appreciate. That plea is that he did to Strauss only as I did to Shakespeare. Proud as I am to be Mr. Newman's exemplar, the cases are not alike. If the day should ever dawn in England on a Strauss made into an idol; on an outrageous attribution to him of omniscience and infallibility; on a universal respect for his reputation accompanied by an ignorance of his works so gross that the most grotesque mutilations and travesties of his scores will pass without protest as faithful performances of them; on essays written to show how Clytemnestra was redeemed by her sweet womanly love for Aegisthus, and Elektra a model of filial piety to all middle-class daughters; on a generation of young musicians taught that they must copy all Strauss's progressions and rhythms and instrumentation, and all the rest of it if they wished to do high-class work; in short, on all the follies of Bardolatry



transferred to Strauss, then I shall give Mr. Newman leave to say his worst of Strauss, were it only for Strauss's own sake. But that day has not yet dawned. The current humbug is all the other way. The geese are in full cackle to prove that Strauss is one of themselves instead of the greatest living composer. I made war on the duffers who idolised Shakespeare. Mr. Newman took the side of the duffers who are trying to persuade the public that Strauss is an impostor making an offensive noise with an orchestra of marrow-bones and cleavers. It is not enough to say that I scoffed, and that therefore I have no right to complain of other people scoffing. Any fool can scoff. The serious matter is which side you scoff at. Scoffing at pretentious dufferdom is a public duty; scoffing at an advancing torchbearer is a deadly sin. The men who praised Shakespeare in my time were mostly the men who would have stoned him had they been his contemporaries. To praise him saved them the trouble of thinking; got them the credit of correct and profound opinions; and enabled them to pass as men of taste when they explained that Ibsen was an obscene dullard. To expose these humbugs and to rescue the real Shakespeare from them, it was necessary to shatter their idol. It has taken the iconoclasm of three generations of Bible smashers to restore Hebrew literature to us, after three hundred years of regarding the volume into which it was bound as a fetish and a talisman; and it will take as many generations of Shakespeare smashers before we can read the plays of Shakespeare with as free minds as we read *THE NATION*.

Besides, what I said about Shakespeare, startling as it was to all the ignoramuses, was really the classical criticism of him. That criticism was formulated by Dr. Johnson in what is still the greatest essay on Shakespeare yet written. I did not read it until long after my campaign against Bardolatry in "The Saturday Review"; and I was gratified, though not at all surprised, to find how exactly I had restated Johnson's conclusions.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

[On the broader issue raised here, is not the trouble precisely this: that Mr. Shaw appears to claim for himself the possession of a perfect criterion for distinguishing "duffers" and "torchbearers" and for naming other persons qualified to perform the same task of discrimination?—ED., *NATION*.]

### THE "RING" AT EDINBURGH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In humble and fearful response to "The Writer of the Article"—to whom I dare not deny his right to the last word—may I say that my objection was not to his preference for a good orchestra before a bad one, but to his evident opinion that the "provincials" of the Scottish capital have no experience or knowledge of what good operatic music is like. If he, in his turn, will take his own advice and re-read the sentence I quoted from his article, I think he will see my point. One is often inclined to protest against the tone in which London writers speak of the "provinces," as places where a Cimmerian darkness reigns, as though London alone had the light of true art and the eyes to enjoy it. For some inscrutable reason, the word "provinces" has become a name of ignominy. If this be just, it is a bad sign of the times, and London is a blood-sucking cuttle-fish—my zoology is vague, but cuttle-fishes do something of the sort—which absorbs the best vitality of the whole country, and digests it to such purpose as the provincial can see in the average London theatre. But, really, the most impressive thing about the London public is not its superior intellect, but its mere size. Further, if I may venture to lay myself open to your contributor's metropolitan scorn as a touchy Scot, is it a proper use of words to call us in Edinburgh "provincials"? Would you permit the application of that opprobrious name to the folk of Dublin? When "The Writer of the Article" comes to Scotland, he will find himself in a different country, not in an outlying part of England. Still, I admit he will have to read the "Scotsman."

May I be allowed one last "score"—I admit its irrelevance? Until the appearance of Mr. Galsworthy, when you in London wanted really good dramatic work, you had

to get it either from Mr. Shaw, who is an Irishman and a "provincial," or from Mr. Barrie, who is a Scotsman and a "provincial." I might go on to quote the usual Scots' gibe about Archbishops and Prime Ministers, but that would be stretching irrelevance beyond the bounds of even your toleration.—Yours, &c.,

EDINBURGH.

March 30th, 1910.

### LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As a member of the rank and file of the Liberal Party in Scotland, I desire to dissociate myself from the views expressed by Mr. John M. Hogge in your issue of March 26th.

I hold that it is not the Radical section, but the Whig leaders and Mr. Hogge who are guilty of shutting their eyes and "refusing to accept the facts of the election." The election was certainly fought in Scotland on the question of the Lords' Veto. Mr. Asquith, in his election address, confined himself to the Veto, and steadily refused to discuss any other subject, and Mr. Hogge himself must know that it was the main issue placed by the Liberal candidates before the electors in his own city of Edinburgh.

It is a matter of profound regret that Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane should have caught the infection of fear which is prevalent in the Unionist ranks, and have fallen into the trap set by Lord Rosebery, and that their advocacy of a weak and reactionary compromise should have the support of such a prominent Scottish Liberal as Mr. Hogge.

The question of the Reform of the House of Lords has never held a place in the programme placed by the Liberal Party before the country, and its introduction at the present moment is both irrelevant and premature. Mr. Hogge is afraid of the danger of a Government being placed temporarily at the mercy of a group of the people's representatives, but in the present pursuance of the policy of reform there is the greater danger to be feared, a danger which Mr. Hogge can apparently view with equanimity, of the barriers to progress being strengthened instead of weakened, and the House of Commons finding itself placed permanently in a subordinate position to the Second Chamber.

The immediate problem to be solved is the relation between the two Houses, and the only possible relation in a democratic Government is the subordination of the Lords to the will of the Commons.

The rank and file of the Liberal Party, equally with the Labor and Nationalist Parties, are united on this question and are determined to force it to a successful issue. What we require is that the Liberal leaders should show equal courage and resolution.

Let the supremacy of the House of Commons be effectively and permanently secured, and then let the Liberal leaders devote their energies to the carrying out of Land Reform, Poor Law Reform, Unemployment Insurance, the freedom of the breakfast table from taxation, the extension of the Old Age Pensions Act, and other reforms which are essential to the happiness and prosperity of the people.

The reform of the House of Lords is of minor importance, and can, without danger or inconvenience to the mass of the people, be postponed to the Greek kalends.—Yours, &c.,

J. MUNRO.

Liberal Club, Kirkcaldy,

March 28th, 1910.

### "THE SPIRIT OF EQUITY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—An interesting example of the Spirit of Equity which Mr. Galsworthy calls for in connection with Women's Suffrage, has been given us by Norway.

It was striking to hear Dr. Castberg, the ex-Minister of Justice, say, the other day, that the Norwegian Liberal Ministry gave women the vote because it was just. And it was still more remarkable to learn from him that it was given by Liberals with the full realisation that the class of women to be enfranchised would probably turn the Liberals out of office. This is what actually happened. "It is through women and waterfalls," said Dr. Castberg, "that I am in England now. Adult Suffrage is the only right way,

but we thought it juster to give a little, rather than nothing, and the moderate Liberal and Conservative vote was needed to pass the measure." Dr. Castberg was himself responsible for the two Bills which proved fatal to his party—the nationalisation of waterfalls and mines and the enfranchisement of those women who either themselves, or through their husbands, paid taxes on incomes of £20 in the towns or £16 10s. in the country districts. His simple, cheerful acceptance of defeat is a thing to remember. Such faithful following of the Spirit of Equity is very inspiring. But by espousing the cause of Adult Suffrage—now fully recognised by our progressive parties as the only final solution of electoral injustices and absurdities—Liberals are not called on to make any sacrifice—except of their prejudices. We were thankful to see what we hope is the beginning of a courageous belief in equity at the annual conference of the League of Young Liberals last week, when Mr. Ewer's amendment, in favor of Adult Suffrage, was passed practically unanimously, after a further amendment in favor of Manhood Suffrage had been defeated by a three-fourths majority.

But while the Spirit of Equity seems to slumber very peacefully in the breasts of party Liberals, the sense of injustice stirs more and more deeply in women, as they hear the constantly reiterated appeal to "the people." (Note the words of the resolution passed at the recent Gladstone League meeting, "establishing the supremacy of the people through the House of Commons." No reference was made by any speaker to what sounds like hollow mockery to women, and our existence was only called to mind by the courageous woman whose quiet and sensible question gave rise to a homily from Mr. Lloyd George.) On this point, too, Norway has given us a lead, in the interpretation of the word "people." In 1905, the Storting decided to appeal to "the people" by referendum, on the question of the dissolution with Sweden.

"The women" (who were not then enfranchised), said Dr. Castberg, "did not approve of only Parliamentary voters being consulted. They made registers of their own in every town, and took a vote of all the women over twenty-five (not only the tax-payers). About 300,000 voted, all for the dissolution, their love of national independence and patriotism guiding their action. This deed roused the admiration of the men, and strengthened the universal confidence in the public spirit of women. It gave the Storting increased confidence in their difficult and dangerous task, and it proved that its policy of independence was backed not only by men, but by the whole people."

Cannot Englishmen realise that when they talk of "the people" they mean only Parliamentary voters, and can they not show a little similar confidence in the public spirit of Englishwomen?

But if the courage to follow the Spirit of Equity fails Liberals, perhaps they will be driven along its path by fear of the Social Influence now to be so gloriously exerted by duchesses and countesses and ladies of rank and fashion. The almost incredible prospectus of the Ladies' Carlton Club tells us that "receptions and salons" are to be held, where "women of leisure and property will gain a Real Insight into the various laws and proposed laws bearing directly or indirectly on their vested interests," and that "Women's Influence in Political Circles has, from the earliest times, carried great weight when directed from the Social World, and has invariably been for the good of the Country."

To be sure, there are the Liberal Social Council Ladies. But, with all their titled efforts, can they hope to vie with the massive Social Influence of the Vested Interests?

If Liberals dare to appeal to the people, let them do so in simplicity and in truth. Let them seek to win the people, not by exhibitions of caste feeling, or by shirking a just demand, but by showing genuine fellowship, courage, and a Spirit of Equity.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

11, Hampstead-square, N.W.  
March 26th, 1910.

#### "GENTLES, LET US REST."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Whilst reading a series of articles by Mr. John Galsworthy in THE NATION, entitled, "Gentles, let us rest!" I could not help being struck by a phrase in the last article which seemed to me a little far-fetched. It ran thus:

"The rapid growth of the rankling sense of injustice among tens of thousands of women." Why rankling? Couldn't our "preux chevalier sans reproche" have chosen some more appropriate word, say, *passionate*, in lieu of *rankling*? Might I be allowed to add another axiom to the three Mr. Galsworthy has already given us, namely, that—No man does, or, probably, ever will, quite understand woman's point of view. As to Axiom 3, that women are not warriors, I might point out that we have only to look into past history to qualify that statement. What about Joan of Arc, Boadicea, the Amazons, and many others? And in present history do not the militants themselves show that same warrior instinct, which is inherent in woman, most especially when defending her hard-earned and long-coveted rights against the encroachments and armed defences of the stronger sex?—Yours, &c.,

A WOMAN.

London, March 26th, 1910.

#### TARIFF REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As the confidential adviser of land, mortgage, financial, and industrial companies, I had, during ten years' residence in the United States, unusual facilities for judging the rise and potentiality of its industries, the inner workings of its political institutions, and the policy and practice of "protection." In this light I offer some remarks on the meaning and probable consequences of the recent Massachusetts State election and the international influence which a change to Free Trade in the United States may ultimately exert.

In the abolition of slavery and the organisation of the Republican Party, this State took a prominent and influential part. It had long been in the van of intellectual progress; its eminent men had been in the highest sense reformers, and rendered yeoman service to the Republic. But in blind devotion to party, the behests of the nation were at length neglected and even prostituted under what proved to be a *mésalliance*. For if the war did not render import tariffs imperative, it at least furnished a plausible pretext for their imposition, of which the statesmen took full advantage. And although this State lost her ocean shipping through Protection, she was amply indemnified by the support it afforded to the textile industries. As time went on, the Republican Party readily yielded to the demands of other industries, because it thereby secured a new set of supporters and strengthened its hold on office. Its patrons who furnished the campaign funds applied themselves with energy to the control of transportation generally—railroads specially—and to organising trusts for the various "infant industries" which they hoped to induce Congress to protect. The Democrats, through the marketing of cotton—the principal Southern product—in England advocated the Free Trade policy; but even when in nominal power only partially succeeded in the proposed reduction of duties. In the Presidential campaigns in which Cleveland was elected, the fallacies of Protection were skillfully exposed and the foundations effectually laid for drastic reform. And Mr. Bryan—had he not been entangled in the meshes of bimetallicism—would have been elected as the Free Trade missionary. Out-and-out Free Trade was, however, at that time impracticable as a leading item of the party programme. The solid hold Protection had acquired and the dislocation which would inevitably follow on a drastic change were accepted even by Free Traders as feasible grounds for gradual reduction. And this all the more as the manual workers had largely accepted the theory, assiduously preached by tariff beneficiaries, that the higher wages than in Europe were due to the mis-called Protection of their interests. Even the farmers were content to pay 27½ per cent. more than the normal price of their goods to promote "home industries" and sustain "the home market."

But the financial crisis through which the United States has just passed, and the palpable fact that increased cost of living has not been accompanied by higher wages, have stimulated a new and more exhaustive enquiry into cause and effect. The "revision" which eventuated in an increase rather than an anticipated reduction of duties, has discredited the Republican Party, and in Massachusetts borne fruit at the polls. Juggling with tariffs has marked the



whole career of this party. Blaine, foreseeing an awakening of the proletariat, led his followers on the false scent of reciprocity with the South American Republics. Roosevelt "attacked" trusts which tariffs had created and nurtured, but to little purpose; for the servants had become stronger than their masters. Taft, following Roosevelt, also attacked trusts and essayed revision—tending upwards. The defection of as unwavering a State as Massachusetts is significant. That it will influence others and ultimately the Presidential election is scarcely open to doubt. What manœuvre the Republican Party will adopt is not yet discernible, but one thing is clear, that "fiscal reform" in the direction of wholesale reduction of some, and abolition of other, import tariffs has taken a firm hold on public opinion.

It is very generally believed, but quite erroneously, that the people of the United States are overwhelmingly Protectionist. The South has, with little exception, been continuously for Free Trade; the West, including the Pacific Coast, though Republican, has always advocated reduction of duties, and the idea that the Western interests have been sacrificed to further and maintain protection for Eastern manufactures has developed popular indignation. A secret plebiscite of journalistic editors from Chicago westwards revealed the fact that Protection had so lost its charms as to retain but a shadow of its former support. That was before the State election in Massachusetts took place, so that it is safe to assume that with the East deserting the Protectionist Party, there is no alternative to surrender. And as the United States leads New World opinion in statecraft, what is more probable than that the hand-writing on the wall in Massachusetts may be writ large in every pan-American country? And as the United States stimulated European reforms, and as a precursor of them the French Revolution, it is not less probable that when the movement begun on the western shores of the Atlantic extends to Europe, the death knell of "Protection" *alias* "Tariff Reform," or "duties new and old ones upwards," will have been sounded. Free Traders may well watch and wait for Transatlantic development. Americans, like Britons, when Protection fails, must perforce draw their revenues from the land. Nowhere, it is safe to say, will a free and self-governing people consent to permanent taxes on the necessities of life.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN McCULLOCH.

Portpatrick, March 28th, 1910.

#### INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the very small amount of protest against the Navy Estimates, and the fact that the daily Press practically ignored the protest made by this Association, I shall be glad if you will allow me to state, through your columns, that the following declaration has been issued:—

"1. The International Arbitration and Peace Association regards the Naval Estimates and the new shipbuilding programme of 1910-11 as a betrayal of the deepest interests of the nation, and it urges all members of Parliament who desire international peace and social reform to resist these proposals until an opportunity has been given for a clear expression of public opinion upon them.

"2. The increase of £5,500,000 covers only a small part of the cost of the five new 'Dreadnoughts' and other ships projected. This now plunges in a suicidal competition means, therefore, a further increase of the Naval Budget from the present £40,000,000 to £50,000,000 within two or three years. How will the £10,000,000 of additional expenditure be obtained? By the stoppage of the work of domestic amelioration, we fear, and by a resort to a Protectionist tariff. This is what has happened in other countries; and it is what the present Government is inviting.

"3. There is an even greater peril. The Estimates are frankly aimed against Germany, and, taken in conjunction with our maintenance of the piratical 'right' of capturing private property in naval war, they constitute an indefensible threat and provocation. The insistence—in a time of profound peace and growing friendship—upon the power to sweep every non-British ship off the seas of the globe, is an act of tyranny such as in the past has always led to war; and it may now at any moment lead to a war that would ruin the two most powerful and most closely related States of the Old World.

"4. A Government professing devotion to peace and progress, and supposed to be concerned exclusively with another and wholly domestic issue, has brought us to the brink of this abyss. It professes peace; but there is no evidence that it has

any constructive idea on the subject, that it has made any serious effort, or has formulated any practical plan, for an agreement with Germany. The time has come when this question should be discussed in Parliament in perfectly plain terms, so that the country may learn the real costs and dangers to which it is committed under the present policy of blind rivalry in naval force."

Yours, &c.,

J. FREDERICK GREEN,  
Secretary.

40 and 41, Outer Temple, Strand,  
London, W.C.

### Poetry.

#### I.—THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

ARISE, my love, my beloved, and come away;  
The winter is past, and the rain is over and done  
In the land, and the time of the singing of birds is begun;  
The flowers that appear on the earth have made it their  
stay;  
The fig putteth forth new green figs on the tender spray,  
The vine putteth forth a good odor beneath the sun;  
Arise, my beloved, my love, my companion;  
Until the day break, and the shadows are fled from the  
day,  
Look down from the top of Amana, look down from the  
head  
Of Hermon, the dens of the leopards; and come with me  
hence  
To the summits of myrrh and the mountains of  
frankincense.  
(Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, a bundle of myrrh),  
Where far from the tents of the shepherds on green is  
our bed,  
And the beams of our house are of cedar, our rafters of  
fir.

#### II.—IMAGINARY EPITAPHS.

##### I.

##### THE SINKING OF THE PLEIADS.

WHAT profit is it that I, Amyntichus of Anthedon, grow  
old upon the beach, laboring among sponges or drawing  
up with my hooks the shining fish until the tips of my  
nails were eaten away by the brine? The full weight  
of a white wind from the East was my undoing in my  
little rowing-boat, at the unsecured season of the going  
down of the Pleiads. Truly, then, they are not like  
the Doves of Zeus, but hawks that stoop above the lives  
of men, and now my bones are broken like potsherds  
upon the shingle, and the gulls visit them, while in my  
ear beats ever the gushing of the sea.

##### II.

##### A WISH.

When I am dead, come make my unvisited grave  
deep in a spot of wide prospect looking towards the  
South, so that I may see the arch of the sun in winter  
and in summer. And plant at my head a red rose,  
at my feet let pour the grey water of a fountain-head  
into a pool. And if a young man come that way, let  
him crown himself with roses and go on his way with-  
out dropping a garland on my tomb of piled turfs.  
For what are roses but a little weight added to the  
cover of clay, and what are the droppings of wine to  
my palate more than the water that runs in the mani-  
fold veins of earth? But if an old man come that way,  
let him go down into the pool, thinking of the grave  
as of an honeycomb.

M. JOURDAIN.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study." By F. W. Moorman. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Changing China." By the Rev. Lord William Cecil. (Nisbet. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico." By José F. Godoy. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Althea: Dialogues on Aspirations and Duties." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Ruskin and His Circle." By Ada Earland. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)  
 "The Poets of Dumfriesshire." By Frank Miller. (Maclehose. 10s. net.)  
 "Chantecler." Par Edmond Rostand. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Le Retour de l'Empereur (1815)." Par Gilbert Stenger. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)  
 "La Vie et la Mort des Fées." Essai d'Histoire Littéraire. Par Lucie Félix-Faure-Guyau. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)

AN interesting section of Mr. Hugh Farrie's collection of essays, "Highways and Byways in Literature," just published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, is given up to books which once had a great vogue, but are now for the most part gathering dust upon the shelves of old-fashioned libraries. How many of the present generation have read Sturm's "Reflections," a work in which a German professor undertook to exhibit the phenomena of nature as manifestations of the perfect beneficence of Providence? Yet its popularity far exceeded that of the most successful of modern novels. "In Germany at least thirty editions were published; Queen Christina of Prussia translated it into French; between 1788 and 1860 no fewer than twenty English editions appeared; translations were made also into Dutch, Danish, and Swedish." The best of the English editions to possess is that issued in 1811 by a translator whom Mr. Farrie supposes to be Dr. Adam Clarke. It is described on the title-page as "a new and liberal translation" intended to present the "Reflections" "in an array fit for the English reader." "That this has not hitherto been done," continues the translator, "will be doubted by none whose perceptive and ratiocinative powers are not sunk far below the standard of mediocrity." The preface ends by congratulating the public on the more discerning spirit it showed in its choice of books. "Our children are leaving the worse than foolish tales of 'Tom Thumb,' 'Goodie Two-Shoes,' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and many more productions of like nature, all tending to vitiate their young minds, fill them with absurd notions, and encourage a love of the marvellous and a dislike to plain truth, for works savoring more of probability and tending to conduct them through the paths of virtue to the temple of fame."

It is not without interest to note an ingenious calculation to be found in Sturm's "Reflections," since Dr. Adam Clarke doubtless regarded that work as one of those "savoring of probability." Mr. Farrie tells us that by way of forming an estimate of the number of risen bodies that will be present at the general resurrection, "Sturm takes an average of the yearly number of deaths in the town of Hamburg from the date of the Flood; then by a bold speculation as to the date of the millennium he is able to continue his average to the end of time. All that remains to be done is to express a proportion between the number of the inhabitants of the world, and Sturm is able to inform us that the total sum of human beings who will be present on the occasion referred to amounts to one hundred and ten thousand three hundred and seventy-five millions."

BUT, as Mr. Farrie shows, "improving" books were produced at home as well as imported from Germany. Amongst those he notices are Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," the "Centaur not Fabulous," and the "Evangelical Rambler," a periodical which, in the early years of the nineteenth century, filled a place corresponding to the popular magazine of to-day. Mr. Farrie claims for Hervey the distinction of originating the style once known as penny-

a-lining. He was one of the first of those writers who, by a dexterous imitation of Milton and Dryden, "achieved a kind of effective pomposity which in our time has degenerated into the windy slip-slop of the penny-a-liner. . . . He has no idea of the power of restraint, of the effect of verbal economy; to pour forth a copious flood of syllables is his chief desire; no simile is too absurd, no comparison too far-fetched, if only it lends itself to rhetorical expression." There is piquancy in thus tracing some of the characteristics of the hero of Mr. Montagu's "A Hind Let Loose" to the respectable author of "Meditations among the Tombs."

THE aim of the "Centaur not Fabulous" is to show, by an application of the myth narrating the origin of Chiron, the Centaur, that "beings of origin truly celestial may debase their nature, forfeit their character, and sink themselves by licentiousness into perfect beasts." The author's plain speaking upon certain subjects would probably bring him under the ban of the Libraries Censorship if his work appeared to-day, but it has humor and throws some odd sidelights upon the theological ideals of a hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Farrie's book, as its title shows, conducts the reader along some of the highways as well as through the byways of literature. It is a most entertaining miscellany, the fruit of reading in varied fields, which will appeal to those who enjoy browsing in a library.

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR has written a volume of memories which she calls "I Myself." It will doubtless be found as piquantly individual as its title suggests, but not quite so egoistic, for, as her friends know, she is as keenly interested in other people's personalities as in her own. In the opening pages of her work she tells of her father, a distinguished American lawyer, and gives a picture of life in a Southern State as it was in the days of her childhood. But for many readers the narrative will become of greater interest when it reaches the founding of "The Star" newspaper by her husband in 1889. From this point onwards all kinds of celebrities turn up in every chapter, from Cardinal Manning to Mr. Max Beerbohm. Mrs. O'Connor has met everyone, and she has a remarkable gift for vivid and sympathetic portraiture. The volume is to contain a number of drawings specially executed for the occasion by Mr. Graham Robertson (who wrote "Pinkie" at Mrs. O'Connor's instigation), Sir Frank Gould, and "Max." It will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

IN a book called "The Historians and the English Reformation," to be published shortly by Messrs. Mowbray, Mr. John S. Littell gives the results of a careful examination of works of history treating of the Reformation period. His aim has been to show that a great number of school histories, as well as books intended for the general reader, give a distorted picture of the English Reformation.

A BOOK on Byron and Shelley and their friends in Italy is being written by Madame Angeli, the daughter of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Methuen. It will be based in part on materials hitherto unpublished, and promises to be a contribution of value to a theme which never seems to lose its freshness and interest.

BY the sudden death of the Vicomte de Vogüé on Thursday last, the French Academy loses one of its most distinguished members. His interest in Russian literature dated from his residence in St. Petersburg, where he was Secretary of the French Embassy until 1882. His most famous book, "Le Roman Russe," was one of the first works to direct attention to the great Russian novelists and won for its author a European reputation and a seat in the Academy. M. de Vogüé published books of travel, history, and criticism of art and literature, as well as three novels, "Jean d'Agrève," "Les Morts qui Parlent," and "Le Maître de la Mer," the latter a contrast between modern Anglo-Saxon commercialism and the old aristocratic ideals. The main significance of M. de Vogüé's work in fiction was the reaction against realism to which he gave expression and which constituted him in some sense the leader of a school of novelists which has not yet reached its maturity. He has left the manuscript of a novel which will be published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."



## Reviews.

## AN EVANGELIST OF THE NURSERY.\*

IN the earlier biography of Mrs. Sherwood, published in 1854, of which this "Life and Times" is an adequate and rather daring elaboration, mention is made of some Court sermons printed by Mrs. Sherwood's father, Dr. Butt, and presented to George III. and Queen Caroline. "Your line is bold, original, and full of imagination. You must follow that line," wrote Lord Hertford, in conveying their Majesties' admiration to the royal chaplain. In our time Mrs. Sherwood's books are not read, and no one will impute to her as a writer these particular qualities of boldness, originality, and imagination. Yet, in fact, she was a courageous, as well as a good, woman, and her biography proves that she was original also, and quite worthily imaginative. She challenged the efficacy of Paley's "Evidences" as aids to that religion of the soul which was to her the only kind of Christianity worth anything. She did not shrink from making herself a nuisance to worldlings on behalf of her own principles of right living. And, alike in India and at home, throughout her long life, she worked for the spiritual and bodily welfare of others with a zeal in which imagination played a great and noble part. As the author of "The Fairchild Family," she has been pilloried again and again by critics of a later generation for her distorted and maudlin estimate of child-nature and her milksop little heroes and heroines; yet this "Life" exhibits her as a woman of uncommon experience and wisdom, with wide knowledge of the world and a loving and intimate acquaintance with real children and their needs.

In these days it is almost an arguable question to what extent a child's conscience ought to be cultivated. Schools leave it pretty much to itself, to grow or become atrophied, as may happen. Parents shirk the trial of confronting the awkward abstraction and its problems in their offspring. They depute the task to others, who in their turn shy at it. The result is a latter-day world of youngsters who have absolutely nothing in common with the super-refined nurse-lings of Mrs. Sherwood's printed pages. To them these tender-souled little creatures, desolated by a sense of sin if they did but eat a spoonful of cupboard jam without mamma's express permission, are as unsympathetic as marionettes in repose. Would a modern Lucy, jealous of her sister Emily's doll, break out thus easily into tearful apology for her guilt—"I know it is wicked in me to be sorry that Emily is happy, but I feel that I cannot help it"? And would a modern Mrs. Fairchild retort, with heartfelt joy—"My dear child, I am glad you have confessed. Now I will tell you why you feel this wicked sorrow . . ."—proceeding to an account of the innate depravity of human nature, so unredeemed by comfort for a childish mind of common intelligence that one can scarcely imagine the interview ended by anything less tragic than a fit of juvenile hysteria? One may smile, at least, in contemplation of these little folks of Mrs. Sherwood's fancy, and doubt if, even in early Victorian times, they had any living prototypes. But they certainly suited their epoch. Conceive a young Etonian of to-day being fascinated by this kind of literature! Yet an Eton boy of Mrs. Sherwood's time wrote to her begging for more of "Henry Milner," the piety of which is almost as emphatic as that of "The Fairchild Family." Her books went into dozens of editions, and her moral influence reached thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic. From the rising house of Harper Brothers, in 1836, came this rich, if simple, testimony to their usefulness on the other side:—

"I think I may safely say that almost every Sabbath-school scholar in America has beguiled many, very many, an hour with poring over them, whose head and heart, I trust, has been greatly improved. You not only receive praise from the white man and his child, but the red man of the forest has learnt to lip your name."

Such was Mrs. Sherwood's literary quality. At a venture one might guess that Mr. Darton's "Life" of a writer of this calibre would be as tedious to twentieth-

century parents as her good little stories to twentieth-century boys and girls. But it is by no means so. Men and women are generally more interesting than their achievements, and the volume under notice not only gives us a host of bright and entertaining views of life in England and India a century ago, but with unconscious art builds and completes the portraiture of a lovable and strong woman, worthy even of her 500 pages of new memorial.

Born among the hills and mistletoed orchards of jade-colored Teme's valley, Mrs. Sherwood had a happy childhood. She saw much company at her father's beautiful rectory of Stanford and in the carpet town of Kidderminster, another of Dr. Butt's livings. Her thumbnail sketches of the poorer parsons of the district are excellent—the rector of Sapey, who drove his pigs to Worcester on a Sunday evening after service; the curate in charge of Clifton, in his "great bushy wig, his shovel hat, his cravat tied like a King William's bib (whatever that may be), his cheap great-coat, and his worsted spatter-dashes"; the venerable other curate of Shelsley, with his wife pillioned behind him in an orange-and-brown shot-silk gown. At Arley Hall, near Kidderminster, she mixed with some wild rakes and madams of the period, who must have been singularly disconcerting to her mother. Dances and cards were the order of the day among these free-living members of the old squirearchy. It was a common country-house pastime of an evening for the young ladies of the house to sit at the top of a staircase on a large sheet which the young gentlemen pulled from below, bringing as many as possible of the young ladies higgledy-piggledy down to their own level.

"One day they were about to sit down to dinner (my mother and Mr. and Mrs. Annesley—they became Lord and Lady Valentia a little later), the table, though small, being elegantly arranged, as it would be for persons of their description, with delicate napery, glass and china, silver and lighted candles, and dishes of hot viands with their covers. Mrs. Annesley, when they entered the dining-room, took her place as usual at the top and her husband at the bottom of the table; and, looking at him, she said, 'Come, let us startle Mrs. Butt; pull away!' and each took one end of the table, which separated in the centre, and down went plates, dishes, candles, spoons, glass, roast, boiled, and stewed, in one fearful ruin."

With Lichfield Mrs. Sherwood had family associations, and her comments on Miss Seward, then at the zenith of her rather-smirched glory, are not at all in the Fairchild-family key. Her schooldays at Reading were of a kind to develop a shy girl quite remarkably. The school was kept by a French *émigré* of some distinction, who was a magnet for other expatriated aristocrats. "We talked with the ladies and danced with the gentlemen under the trees in the Abbey garden to the music of the harp." The gentlemen paid the young ladies all the compliments due to their youth and beauty, calling them "roses" and "jewels" and "stars" to their pretty faces; yet always treated them "with high respect." One wonders what Mrs. Sherwood's mother thought of these dainty frills to her daughter's schooling, but is prepared to learn that even a shy girl was sorry when such schooldays came to an end.

The "Life" then enters upon a stage of much more sobriety. Mrs. Sherwood's father died in the comfortable sanctity of his brace of good livings, his widow and family removed to modern quarters in Bridgnorth, Mrs. Sherwood began to wrestle seriously with spiritual concerns, and at the age of twenty-eight married her soldier cousin, a young man whose own vicissitudes in France during the bloody time of the Revolution had brought him to a state of spiritual gravity very congenial to her. Many years of barrack life in England and India ensued. This was Mrs. Sherwood's evangelising period. The superstitions of the East, the loss of her children, and her intimacy with the great gospeller, Henry Martyn, had a marked effect upon her. With "death, levity, war, and vice dancing hand-in-hand" around her, she set to work to do what she could for her world. Her father's more complacent form of cut-and-dried Christianity was superseded in her by something much akin to active Methodism. She established Bible classes, Sunday schools, and nurseries for the orphans of her husband's regiment. Her day's routine was one of amazing system and performances, beginning and ending with prayer. So it continued until 1816, when she returned

\* "The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood." (1775-1851.) From the diaries of Captain and Mrs. Sherwood. Edited by F. J. Harvey Darton. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 16s. net.

to England, leaving behind her a very uncommon record for a soldier's wife.

The long remainder of her life was spent in comparative privacy near Worcester. She was steeped in benevolence to the last; at one time with a household of twenty-five, all, more or less, dependent upon her soul's goodness and the profitable activity of her pen. The publishers made much money by her. She complains of being pirated, but is acrimonious neither on this subject nor any other. Her own and her husband's virtues of character descended to her children. Emily and Lucy, she tells us, "had such kindly tempers as we cannot suppose are ever derived from mere human nature." Her religious views latterly made her not quite acceptable to the local clergy, but this is more to her credit than theirs, seeing that the stumbling-block was her belief in the universal salvation of mankind. From the initial narrowness of mind and outlook of a shy girl, she came to this conviction as a ripened good woman, after much happiness and the average tribulations. Even sixty or seventy years after the time one may feel sorry that she was distressed by an American who had the impudence to call and make himself "very disagreeable" about her generous interpretation of Scriptural promises. The incumbent of a certain chapel who railed at her for her "heresy" might also have learnt some true Christianity at his heretic's feet.

We have termed Mr. Darton's book rather daring, and so it is. Not many persons deserve to have their biographies offered to the public a second time fifty years after the first time. But even with due consideration of the greater rarity of leisure in 1910 than in 1854, Mrs. Sherwood seems to us to deserve this compliment. The "Life and Times" is extraordinarily fresh and interesting. Its domestic minutiae charm throughout: one smiles with Mrs. Sherwood at her contemporaries, and just a little at her. It tells us something about celebrities who made much more stir in the world than herself, but their impression is relatively faint. We prefer her to the Hannah More who behaved like a bear in the absurd endeavor to live up to her dignity of lioness. The "Life and Times" gives us a full-length portrait of a woman who lived almost extravagantly for others, and had her reward in a far larger share of felicity than falls to the lot of the rest of us. She was as unfashionable as unselfish, and little she cared. Suitably changed to fit the aeroplane age, England and India could do with as many Mrs. Sherwoods in the twentieth century as in the nineteenth.

The book is aptly illustrated. Mrs. Sherwood's own face at the beginning is very pleasing. Cleverness, common-sense, good looks, and an excusable measure of consciousness of her good looks are all suggested in it. Such a woman could certainly have written better things than "The Fairchild Family" if she had deemed it worth her while, and the world's.

#### LORD CRANBROOK.\*

THIS memoir of Lord Cranbrook, by his son, belongs to the second class of political biographies. It is itself in diary form, and though Lord Cranbrook's memories extended over four English reigns, and its records cover nearly seventy years of public life, his pen, like his tongue, had no magic, and his career just wanted the crown of greatness. It was highly decorous, successful, distinguished; reaching the first place but two in party leadership, and then sloping easily to age and decline. We are inclined to think that the fortunes of Parliamentary Toryism would have been better served by Lord Cranbrook's choice as Disraeli's successor in the Commons in 1878 than by the decision to appoint Sir Stafford Northcote. The Northcote leadership was a failure, politically and pictorially. Northcote was afraid of Gladstone, which Lord Cranbrook was not, and readers of Mr. Churchill's biography of Lord Randolph do not need to be reminded how ingloriously his intelligent, but timid, reign ended for himself and for his party. Disraeli regarded Cranbrook as the Government's "best speaker," his judgment was good and his methods orderly, and he had the further

advantage over Northcote, that he was a pure Tory, untouched by Liberal tradition. Mr. Hardy could, we think, have been well advised to give further examples of his father's oratory. It had spirit, its form was good, though commonplace, and in passages of scorn, such as the famous chastisement of Gladstone over the Vote of Credit, it rang well. Of anti-Gladstonianism, the book, otherwise faultless in discretion, contains a little too much, and it would have been well if Queen Victoria's personal dislike of her greatest Minister had been exhibited with more reserve. The Queen seems never tired of hinting at Gladstone's defects—his extravagance of speech, his avoidance of invitations to "dine and sleep," and the rest of it. It is a pity she was not more mindful of the services he rendered her house. These suggestions look a little ungraceful in this book. Lord Cranbrook was an amiable man; but he thought Gladstone a mere hypocrite and self-deceiver, and we pass few pages without some variety of this artless comment.

Lord Cranbrook lived for ninety-two years, surviving the three Prime Ministers under whom he served, and most of his colleagues in the Cabinet. As a boy he had seen sheep-stealers hung in the streets of Shrewsbury, and George IV. crowned. He had asked Daniel O'Connell for a "frank," and had watched Cobbett in the House of Commons sitting on the Front Bench near Sir Robert Peel, "attired in a farmer's suit of grey tweed, with gaiters." His later career connected him with at least two policies of dramatic and far-reaching consequence. He was Home Secretary during the Fenian conspiracy, and, against Bright's private appeal for mercy, directed the Cabinet's unanimous decision to hang the "Manchester murderers"; while, as Secretary for War and for India, he was a prime executant of Disraeli's Imperialism, as well as its highly popular and zealous Parliamentary champion. Thus, if he was not great, he was very near the great; and, without a spark of genius, was so near perfection in advocacy, so balanced, and apparently so loyal, in his party attachments that now and then he came near chieftancy.

The character and opinions that lay behind these activities are a little difficult to gauge. Like most critics of the early Disraeli, Lord Cranbrook was unfriendly and even contemptuous. "A hateful leader," he called him in 1880 during a first period of service. When a younger man still, he thought his future chief, whom he met at a literary party, too vain and full of self-esteem to talk freely. When he entered the House as a Tory member, he found the Disraelian style at once "venomous" and brutal. Even as late as 1872, within two years of the famous Premiership, he speaks of Disraeli's inability to form a Government, and of a "general" Tory inclination, expressed at a meeting of leaders, to supersede him by Lord Derby, who could never lead anything, not even himself. These views shaded off into a complete acceptance, and a warm personal relationship. We doubt whether they implied a very confident adoption of Disraeli's near-Eastern policy. Lord Cranbrook was probably too English to understand it; he was certainly too business-like always to approve the grandiose tactics and literary "happy thoughts" which with Disraeli often did duty for serious combinations and carefully-prepared strokes of policy. The colleague who most thoroughly appreciated Disraeli's policy was the Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton. Disraeli and Lytton were both phrase-makers, inclined to see facts through a many-colored mist of words. They flattered each other, and perhaps improved on each other. The long letter to Lord Cranbrook which the Viceroy wrote from Simla in August, 1878—obviously for Disraeli's eye and ear—proposed the immediate partition of Afghanistan with Russia, or as an alternative, an anti-Russian protectorate of Afghanistan. Disraeli replied to Lytton's praises and capped them with more compliments. But neither statesman acted with ordinary discretion, least of all with far-sighted choice of means. Before either of the Lytton policies could be either endorsed or considered, and while negotiations were going on with Russia, Lytton allowed the Cavagnari Mission to start. Nor was Disraeli more prudent. He spoke of "rectifying the north-west frontier," though no precise intention and no Cabinet decision lay behind his words, and, indeed, comments Lord Cranbrook, "I am afraid he had no very definite conception of his own meaning." His notions of strategy when the Russian complication before Constantinople grew alarming

\*"Gathorne Hardy, First Earl of Cranbrook." A Memoir. Edited by the Hon. Alfred E. Gathorne-Hardy. Longmans. Two vols. 24s. net.



were equally unreal. Lord Cranbrook's diary of a Cabinet of July, 1877, states that he did not agree "militarily or politically" with the decision to send troops to Malta. He writes almost sharply to the Prime Minister that it was absurd to despatch infantry "with no transport or artillery to enable them to proceed anywhere," and said that "every military critic" would at once detect the deficiency. "Talk and demonstrations," he chronicles later on, "should have been made realities or omitted"; and, again, "I fear that we play but a sorry part, unready for anything," and later still, when the Russians were before Constantinople, "Too—too late!" rings in my ears. What can we do? The Prime Minister (complained his chief of the War Office) disregarded "military considerations," and it is clear from the memoranda from Lord Cross and the Earl of Iddesleigh, which Mr. Hardy appends to his father's account, that Disraeli was the author of the "buccaneering expedition" to seize Turkish territory (Alexandretta and Cyprus), of which Lord Derby publicly accused the Cabinet. Happily, Disraeli had courage, and could gauge a political situation, even when he talked little sense about a military one. But Lord Cranbrook's hints, guarded as they are, confirm the suspicions which the ablest members of his Cabinet entertained of this adroit mesmerist, with his shrewd knowledge of men, his inferior and unpractical hold of affairs, and his incurable passion for melodrama.

Lord Cranbrook governed no great department at the fall of the Beaconsfield Government. He remained a favorite Minister of the Queen, of whose character he draws, in light, conventional touches, an agreeable picture. The best sketch of her is connected with the Fenian troubles. The Queen had a brave man's spirit, and scoffed and rebelled at the precautions taken for her personal safety at Osborne. "She has been shot at 3 (sic) times, once knocked on the head, threatening letters have over and over again been received, and yet 'we never changed our mode of living and going on,'" he wrote in high dudgeon. The letters of Lord Salisbury are, however, the best things in the book, and there are too few of them. The most amusing are in the dual vein of pessimism and anti-Jingoism to which he was prone. Party victories gave him no pleasure—the sequence of Tory triumphs in 1895 and 1900 seemed even to present a new ground for anxiety. "Power has passed out of the hands of statesmen," he complains after the former election, without being able to say into whose hands it had passed. "A slaughter of 16,000" (he writes in 1898 of the Battle of Omdurman), "ought to satisfy our Jingoists for at least six months." He "hoped" that the causes which brought the Tories back twice running with a majority of 130 were "accidental and temporary"; but they might mean that, after successive Reform Bills, we had reached a "layer of pure combativeness in our population," which overbore the "great law of the pendulum." These ironic musings must have confounded a straightgoing partisan of the type of Lord Cranbrook. His own career suggested no such disquietude; in his eyes the only irregular (and almost improper) order in creation seemed to be Gladstone's perverse character and destructive career; and his life was full of the happiness which domestic peace and public honors, calmly sought and worn with dignity, could bring.

#### RUSSIAN REALISM.\*

THERE have probably been more sins committed in the name of realism than in the name of any other *ism*, including Puritanism itself. French realism has been only too often a ferocious gibe at human nature, while English realism has been almost always a self-conscious affront to English taste. Human nature may be assumed to be quite capable of absorbing and assimilating all the gibes in the world, but that hot-house product, English taste, has been compelled to resist realism as it would resist death. Russian realism, however, is on an altogether different plane from either the brazen brutalities of France or the braver, but considerably more inept, aggressions of our own country. Realism is to the Russian what prose was to Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, and, if it is indeed the ultimate word of

truth, the Russian novelist, more truly, perhaps, than any artist since the Greek, may be said to do what is right without knowing it. For the Russian realism is not so much a method of presentation as the very oxygen of artistic life. Its language is not at all the selected medium of expression, but rather the mother tongue of art. Realism, in short, is not, in the words of this acute and deeply sympathetic volume, "the fad of a special school, the theory of a limited clique, or the watchword of a literary camp, but it is rather the natural expression of the Russian temperament and the Russian character."

From Gogol to Tchekov, the great Russian realists have aimed at writing life down as it appeared to be passing before their own eyes; they have not sought for the *lacrime rerum* in remotely romantic situations, but in the certainties of reality. Essentially the democrats of art, they have deliberately preferred to the triumphant monologues of heroes the often wordless pressure of ordinary life upon some one or other anonymous unit. Above all, they and they alone may be said to have banished the arrogant virtues and to have dethroned honor in favor of pity. But in spite of its love of direct simplicity and its horror of limelight and gesture, the Russian character is intensely paradoxical. "For instance," writes Mr. Baring, "there is a passive element in the Russian nature, there is also something unbridled, a spirit which breaks all bounds of self-control and runs riot; and there is also a stubborn element, a tough obstinacy. The result is that at one moment one is pointing out the matter-of-fact side of the Russian genius which clings to the earth and abhors extravagance, and at another time one is discoursing on the passion certain Russian novelists have for making their characters wallow in abstract discussions; or, again, the cheerfulness of Gogol has to be reconciled with the 'inspissated gloom' of certain other writers." This paradoxical element which permeates Russian realism is due largely to an involuntary shrinking from human logic, a characteristic which was noted by Ivan Turgenev.

The author of "Fathers and Sons" was supposed to have labelled his contemporaries and to have utterly misunderstood the younger generation of Russians. Whether this verdict of the 'sixties was or was not true, Turgenev was, and remained always, a Russian in spite of his cosmopolitan experiences. He understood the Russian temperament because it was his own. He shared, too, that Russian shrinking from the final decision of logic, and he experienced, perhaps little less than his enemy, Dostoevsky, that peculiarly Russian pity which sees in the criminal only an unfortunate. On March 5th, 1876, at one of the famous dinners of the hissed authors, he explained in a few words this enigma of the Slav. His analysis, preserved in the Goncourts' journal, strikes at the very core of the Russian character:—

"Je n'ai jamais si bien vu qu'hier, combien les races sont différentes: ça m'a fait rêver toute la nuit. . . . Nous sommes cependant, n'est-ce pas, nous, des gens du même métier, des gens de plume. . . . Eh bien, hier, dans *Madame Caerlet*, quand le jeune homme a dit à l'amant de sa mère qui allait embrasser sa sœur: 'Je vous défends d'embrasser cette jeune fille.' Eh bien, j'ai éprouvé un mouvement de répulsion, et il y aurait eu cinq cent Russes dans la salle, qu'ils auraient éprouvé le même sentiment. . . . et Flaubert, et les gens qui étaient dans la loge, ne l'ont pas éprouvé ce moment de répulsion. . . . J'ai beaucoup réfléchi dans la nuit. . . . Oui, vous êtes bien des latins, il y a chez vous du romain et de sa religion du droit, en un mot, vous êtes des hommes de la loi. . . . Nous, nous ne sommes pas ainsi. . . . Comment dire cela? . . . Voyons, supposez chez nous un rond, autour duquel sont tous les vieux Russes, puis derrière, pêle mêle, les jeunes Russes. Eh bien, les vieux Russes disent oui ou non—auxquels acquiescent ceux qui sont derrière. Alors figurez vous que devant ce 'oui ou non,' la loi n'est plus, n'existe plus, car la loi chez les Russes ne se cristallise pas, comme chez vous."

It is just this crystallisation of the European character that separates it, as with a Chinese wall, from the *laissez aller* of Russian impulsiveness. It is no wonder that Turgenev claimed that his compatriots were, in spite of the autocracy of their Government, the real representatives of humanity.

Every Russian Realist illustrates this dislike of the judge's black cap, which Anglo-Saxons, as a rule, wear so complacently. But the most typical of them all is the author of "Crime and Punishment," for even he, the very

\* "Landmarks in Russian Literature." By Maurice Baring. Methuen. 6s. net.

antithesis of Balzac, was, after his own strange fashion, a Realist. He, too, presented life faithfully as it flashed into his tortured, but irradiated, inner vision, that vision which shrank from nothing except the condemnation of a fellow man.

"Dostoevsky," writes Mr. Baring, "tells us that the most complete of his characters, Alosa, is a Realist, and that was what Dostoevsky was himself. He was a Realist in the true sense of the word, and he was exactly the contrary of those people who, when they wrote particularly filthy novels in which they singled out and dwelt at length on certain revolting details of life, called themselves Realists. He saw things as they really are; he never shut his eyes, or averted his gaze from anything which was either cruel, hateful, ugly, bitter, diseased, or obscene; but the more he looked at the ugly things, the more firmly he became convinced of the goodness that is in and behind everything—to put it briefly, the more clearly he realised mortal misery and sin, the more firmly he believed in God."

So many heroes of Russian novels are more or less Oblamovs, that is to say, stricken Hamlets, consumed by Russian inertia, petrified by the very coma of regret, that it is refreshing to turn to the creations of Dostoevsky. These also are realities of Russian life, and his genius has quickened them with a life-blood that welled up from his own heart. At a symposium of the world's novelists, it would be peculiarly his right to speak for Russia, for, though others have given more artistic and luminous interpretations of that country, none has been so close to the core of the race as he. Nor did Victor Hugo himself stand for France in the intimate personal sense that this epileptic of genius stood for that Russia which, in his own strange and sombre fashion, he had rediscovered for himself with a yet closer sympathy than Nikola Vasilievitch Gogol.

Dostoevsky is, indeed, the symbol of the Slav revolt against the double-edged bondage of condemnation. His mission was pardon and his watchword was the right to pity. A Russian of the Russians, he illustrated in his own person the paradoxical simplicity that such more restrained realists as Turgenev on the one side and Tolstoy on the other have endeavored to interpret to the Western world. It is peculiarly fitting, then, that the author of this excellent introduction to the study of the great Russian Realists should have laid such stress upon Dostoevsky, who is, before all others, the confessor of the Russian soul. Raskolnikov, as he prostrates himself before the sad heroine of "Crime and Punishment," exclaims: "It is not before you that I am kneeling, but before all the suffering of mankind." These words, so alien alike from the declamatory passion of Hugo and the expected pathos of Dickens, may be accepted as typical not only of Dostoevsky, but of all the Russian Realists from Gogol, who saw, down to Maxim Gorky, who protested.

#### THE THOUSAND AND ONE CHURCHES.\*

FIFTY to sixty miles south-east of Konia there rises from the plain of Lycaonia a mass of volcanic mountains known as the Kara Dag, or Black Mountains, which were in a former geologic period an island. The plain itself is about 3,300 feet above sea level, and two high peaks on the volcanic island rise each to about 7,000 feet above sea level. On the northern slope of the Kara Dag are the ruins of an ancient city, now called by its few inhabitants Maden Sheher, but by the people of the surrounding country Bin Bir Kilisse, the Thousand and One Churches.

Sir William Ramsay's attention was called to the historical value of the ruins of the Kara Dag in 1882 by the late Sir Charles Wilson, who characterised them as "perhaps the most interesting in Asia Minor for church antiquities." Miss Bell visited them in 1905. In 1907 she was joined by Sir William and Lady Ramsay, and their joint labors in examining the ruins and the district were completed in the spring of the present year. Sir William states that the whole district abounds with ruined churches which range from the fifth to the eleventh century. "Nowhere else," says he, "can one find church development through so many centuries exhibited on one ruined site in such clear and well-preserved examples."

The book under notice, which is due to the joint labors

\* "The Thousand and One Churches." By Sir W. M. Ramsay and Miss Gertrude L. Bell. Hodder & Stoughton. 20s. net.

of Miss Gertrude L. Bell and Sir William Ramsay, is a series of explanations and illustrations of this sentence. Miss Bell furnishes the larger portion of the volume, and gives a careful account of the various churches and other ruined buildings on the Maden Sheher. She illustrates her narrative by several sketch-maps and by excellent photographs, which suggest the remark that of all the services which photography has rendered to book illustration, none are more valuable than those which reproduce architectural forms. So accurate a record of the actual condition of these ruined churches and buildings would have been practically impossible in pre-photographic days. What a picture of desolation and ruin they suggest! Even in Konia it would be difficult to match them. A mere glance through the book is illuminating to those who have not realised to what desolation Turkish misrule has brought this once flourishing country.

While Miss Bell's work is largely technical, it is carefully done, and will be invaluable to the student of Byzantine architecture. It contains some valuable suggestions. Many of the buildings described and photographed by her are gradually disappearing, both she and Sir William noting many changes since visits made only two years earlier. Hence this record of what exists, with carefully drawn plans and measurements, will be of permanent value. Moreover, her observations are frequently very valuable as those of an experienced and scholarly traveller.

Sir William Ramsay contributes thirty-eight pages on the situation and history of the neighborhood, and sixty pages of equally valuable matter on Hittite and other monuments on the Kara Dag. The total pages in the volume are 560.

A glance over the photographs at once gives the explanation of the name Thousand and One Churches. The volcanic character of the Kara Dag on which the ruined churches are found is evident, not merely from the kind of rocks, but from the presence of a number of craters. Sir William Ramsay identifies the modern town of Maden Sheher with the ancient Barata, which he conjectures to be the Anatolian form of the Greek word *Barathron*, meaning a pit, and suggesting Tartarus. Maden means mineral, and, by a transition not difficult to match, the mine or pit. The name is probably a translation into Turkish of Barata. It is, at any rate, certain that the pits—that is, the craters—have always formed the distinguishing features of the region. Mystery, marvel, and the supernatural were naturally connected with such places, and the neighborhood was regarded as a Holy Place in primitive Anatolian or Hittite times. From those times to the present the district has never lost its sacred character, no matter what has been the change of religion. Many illustrations of the continuity of veneration for the Holy Places on the Maden and its neighborhood are given. At Mahalitch, to the south, the mountain immemorially honored, shows a Hittite shrine. It has evidently been re-sanctified and changed into a Christian church. "When, in their turn, the Turkish invaders found a Christian chapel on the hill-top, they, too, adopted the site as a place of pilgrimage, and sanctified it with the grave of a holy man" (p. 256). Miss Bell found on Hassan Dag a Moslem grave and a Christian chapel. There is a yearly day of pilgrimage to visit the grave. Sir William mentions (p. 511) a quaint monument cut out of the native rock, which has the form of a double throne, and feels no doubt that it is an old Anatolian religious monument, "the chair of the god and goddess." A rock monument on the north side of an adjoining church seems to be a tomb whose sacred form in pre-Christian times was preserved under Christian form in Byzantine times, and subsequently became the seat of Islamic worship. The sacredness and awe was inherited from ancient Anatolian religious feeling.

The great value of the book is that it presents to the student of architecture an enormous mass of new material. It has long been known that Hagia Sophia, in Constantinople, exhibiting the dominant type of Byzantine architecture, did not spring fully designed, as some of the older writers seemed disposed to believe, from the brain of its great architect, but is the result of a series of experiments in church building which had been made in Asia Minor, and to which the Armenian intellect largely contributed and



possibly gave its first impulse. Greek influence was slight. Roman influence in Western Anatolia was greater, the ruined baths at Hierapolis being so far Roman in character that they would pass, if situated in Italy, as being largely Roman. But Byzantine architecture generally is markedly Anatolian in character. The massive solidity and dignity of its arches, the glorification of the arch, the tendency towards making the mass of the building conical, all had their birthplace in Asia Minor. The present writer would, therefore, be disposed to dispute the statement of Sir William Ramsay (p. 15) that "the great traditions of Byzantine architecture were preserved in this remote part of the Empire to the last," if this were held to imply that Byzantine influence led to the design of the churches in question. Nor could he agree that they represent "the latest expression of the Hellenic spirit." They owe little or nothing to Greek influence. But these differences of opinion as to some of the conclusions, differences which would be shared by Texier, Laborde, and other writers in "L'Art" and elsewhere, do not in the least detract from the merits of the invaluable book now given to the world. It is far from being the last word on the origin of Byzantine architecture, but it is far and away the most valuable contribution which English scholarship has made to the history of that subject.

## TWO GOOD BOOKS ON SOCIALISM.\*

AMID this welter of loose, extravagant talk and writing about Socialism, there must emerge some genuine desire for a clear conception and intelligent criticism of a movement to which so much importance is attached. We have here before us two works of moderate dimensions admirably adapted to meet this need. Professor Werner Sombart is a man who has managed to reconcile immense erudition with an enthusiastic devotion to movements of social reform. His truly monumental work, "Der Moderne Capitalismus," has won for him a European reputation as a bold interpreter of economic history, and gives him a unique authority as an exponent of the proletarian attack upon the capitalistic system. It is sadly significant of the sluggishness of intellectual life in this country that this work on "Socialism," which has reached its sixth edition, and has been translated into every other important European language, should have waited so long for an English translation.

For Professor Sombart the social movement means the practical efforts of the "workers" to transform the present social order into one more conformable to their needs, and Socialism is the thought side, or theory, of this movement. Thus cognisance is taken, not only of the conscious avowed Socialism, but of those other, trade union, co-operative, and other working-class activities, which make in the same direction, aiming to replace the existing capitalistic organisation of society by one in which the solidarity of working-class interests shall be dominant. Though primarily economic in its direct objects, this movement seeks to transform the entire setting of social life, and will carry important intellectual and spiritual changes in its current of events. The first part of Professor Sombart's book is a statement and criticism of Socialist theory. Beginning with a brief but sufficient account of the Utopian or "Rational" Socialism, which sprang up in France and England in the later eighteenth century, and which found its most vigorous exponents in Fourier and Cabot, Godwin, and Owen, he passes to a fuller discussion of the historical or "realist" Socialism of which Karl Marx was the most important teacher. The evolutionary and essentially economic interpretation of history, with its central doctrine of the class war, he regards as a permanent contribution to the Socialist theory. On the other hand, fuller knowledge and closer analysis have severely damaged the Marxian theory of a general tendency towards concentration of capital in fewer hands, the movement of all industry towards trusts or monopolies, and the increasing poverty of the wage-earners; while the revolutionary doctrine of an

epoch of forceful change, and the establishment of a proletarian dictatorship for the transformation of the capitalist into the Socialist order, have ceased to be credible to the more instructed members of Socialist parties. Extremely interesting is Professor Sombart's estimate of the "revisionist" movement, of which in Germany Herr Bernstein has been the chief exponent, and of the "syndicalist" or new revolutionary movement, which has assumed recent prominence in France and other "romance" nations. The former he does not regard as a destructive wedge; the older, harder "scientific" Socialism he considers intellectually dead, and, though it retains the formal fidelity of many energetic partisans, it will gradually yield to the pressure of fact and opportunity. The real trouble is with Syndicalism, which is a return to ultra-rational or anarchistic sentimentalism, distrusting the State and all use of political machinery, and falling back upon a free insurrection, as illustrated by "the general strike." This revolutionary spirit Professor Sombart traces partly to the temperament, partly to the economic conditions of France and Italy, where it prevails, and one of his most valuable chapters discusses the relation of the Social movement to the national characteristics of England, France, and Germany.

In his final chapters he discusses the important subject—how far the working-class movement makes for nationalism, how far for internationalism. The earlier enthusiasm of the famous Communist Manifesto, with its "Proletarians of all lands unite," and of the Marxian declaration, "The working classes have no fatherland," still survives, but it is crossed by a new powerful current of genuine nationalism, which has evinced itself in a strenuous opposition to Imperialism, and its attendant destruction of small nationalities, and in the more concrete declarations of German Socialist leaders in favor of universal military service for the protection of their country.

A final chapter gives an admirable summary of the present position of Socialist parties in the several countries of Europe and of the new world, and marks the relation of Socialism to the other working-class movements.

Miss Stoddard's volume, though less comprehensive in its treatment, is extremely well adapted to answer the most salient questions raised by English students of a movement which, in this country, is more fluid and worse defined than in Germany. Though a serviceable chapter on the literature of the subject shows an immense reading of Continental writers, Miss Stoddard naturally devotes more attention to English sources than does Professor Sombart. In her title she rightly describes her book as "an impartial inquiry," as she is primarily concerned with giving fair and representative statements of Socialistic principles upon the main issues, economic, political, and moral, involved in their creed and policy, and in bringing up to date the history and statistics of the movement. The general drift of her interpretation of recent tendencies is strongly to confirm the view of Professor Sombart as to the modifications that are taking place of the older and more intransigent doctrine. The loose, violent misrepresentations of Socialist views about marriage and the family, religion, patriotism, and national defence are corrected by means of well-chosen passages from the best authorities. Though professed Socialists of all sorts usually insist upon the existence of some permanent difference between Socialism and Social Reform, these two works show that neither in the region of thought nor of practical policy need this difference be really permanent. As Socialists are becoming more strongly imbued with a really scientific spirit of history, and as social reformers are beginning to perceive the need for intellectual principles in their reform work, a real harmony of theory and of practice discloses itself, wherein consists the brightest hope for social progress in the near future.

## A CLEVER IRONIST.\*

MR. BARRY PAIN has followed up his delightful novel, "The Gifted Family," with another equally good, "The Exiles of Faloo." Faloo is a small island in the South Seas, which, by its lack of a harbor, has escaped annexation by the European Powers. As no extradition treaty applies to this territory, various individuals who hold that they have not

\* "Socialism and the Social Movement." By Werner Sombart. Dent. 3s. 6d. net.

"The New Socialism: An Impartial Inquiry." By Jane T. Stoddard. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.

\* "The Exiles of Faloo." By Barry Pain. Methuen. 6s.

been treated well by their country, or, to put it brutally, who "have had to skip and can't go back," have found a congenial home in its peaceful, lotus-eating atmosphere. Many of these gentlemen, such as the Rev. Cyril Mast, Lord Charles Baringstoke, Mr. Bassett the solicitor, are highly connected, and their relatives have gladly acquiesced in an exile which puts them beyond the reach of Scotland Yard. Under the presidency of Sir John Sweetling, an ex-financier who is wanted badly at home in connection with the Hazeley cement swindle, the Tarleton Building Co., &c., an Exiles' Club has been formed on the island, with a suitable club-house and grounds, and an excellent service. Sir John, who is a born organiser, has taken great trouble in providing for the comfort of the members. "Men with no money or education were as a rule excluded. 'We want gentlemen here,' said Sir John, and struck the right note at once." It is tacitly understood that it is bad form to show inquisitiveness about the past history of a fellow member. The rules of the club are respected by the thirty-eight members, who, apart from the particular little failings that have made them fugitives from justice, are a quiet, well-bred set of men, a little given to self-indulgence perhaps, but incapable of such an offence as tipping a club servant. Profanity is not uncommon, but gambling on credit is never permitted. Sir John Sweetling, on his arrival at Faloo, has reorganised the trade of the island, and formed a sort of working partnership with King Smith, a highly intelligent native, who, however, has ambitious schemes of booming Faloo and getting its independence formally recognised by the Powers—plans which by no means suit Sir John and the exiles, who fear to lose their quiet retreat. Unfortunately for Sir John, the philanthropic Mr. Letchworthy, a Nonconformist M.P., and proprietor of "The Morning Guide," who has lately retired from his board of directors, is cruising in the South Seas with his beautiful niece Hilda, and the captain of the Snowflake touches at Faloo. The Rev. Cyril Mast, who is the first to board the schooner, is, not unnaturally, mistaken for a missionary, and, mesmerised by Hilda's lovely eyes, he plays up to his part, and recklessly suggests that the Letchworthys shall come ashore and breakfast at the "mission house." They do so, and the condition of the club card-room, with its tables piled with glasses, gazogenes, and tiny decanters, and the unseemly language of a parrot, give the Reverend Cyril and his friends away. Mr. Letchworthy recognises Mr. Bassett, his fraudulent solicitor, with the sequel that Bassett's revolver goes off accidentally, and the Letchworthys have to seek refuge at the palace, which the King thoughtfully puts at their disposal. The way is thus clear for the development of the simple plot by which Letchworthy's arrival at Faloo changes the destinies of both the exiles and the islanders.

One reads a novel of the character of "The Exiles of Faloo" not at all for the incidents or artistic solution, but for the neatness and slyness of its satiric strokes. Mr. Barry Pain has attained such quiet felicity of touch that a prosaic person might absorb three-quarters of the narrative without suspicion of the fineness of his foil play. For example, we learn that Sir John's geniality in handling his fellow members is inspired by a sincere wish to see things done decently and in order. "He could not make the Exiles' Club in Faloo quite like the London clubs of which he had ceased *ipso facto* to be a member, but he worked in that direction. He respected—almost in excess of its merits—the Baringstoke family, but when Lord Charles Baringstoke entered the public rooms of the club in pyjamas and a dressing-gown, Sir John resented it. . . . Sir John had been distressed to hear of the carelessness of one of the native waiters the day before, but at the same time he thought it would have been better if Lord Charles had not thrown the glass in the waiter's face. Glassware was so difficult to replace." Lord Charles Baringstoke, who, under alcoholic influence, is prone to confide to others that "it wasn't so much that I went a mucker, because, of course, all my people went muckers; it was the particular kind of mucker that I went," apologises with the frankness we respect in a man of his class. "Awfully sorry," said Lord Charles. "This club etiquette does hedge you around, don't it? And I give you my word of honor there was nobody else there to chuck the blessed glass at." Mr. Mandelbaum the German, Thomas the ex-waiter of the

Cabinet Club, who has messed his accounts in London, and has a weakness in respect to returning the members their exact change, and the Rev. Cyril Mast, who, given up to sinful excess, has never been able "to shut his eyes to the serious side of life," and, on his first arrival at the island, has instituted a Sunday morning service, which, later on, he has discontinued "under an acute and slightly maudlin sense of his own unworthiness," these and other characters are drawn with the nicest sense of the limitations that attend poor human endeavor. With an admirable instinct for the values of his picture, Mr. Barry Pain has contrasted the simple morals of his exiles with the sterner principles that inspire the conduct and support the flourishing business of the philanthropic Mr. Letchworthy. "I have tried," says the head of the firm in a speech made to his employees on his retirement, "to show that it is possible to treat the workman as a brother, to consider his soul's eternal salvation and yet to make a fair profit," principles which he finds are not helpful when the philanthropist tries to make friends with the artless native girls Tiva and Ioia. Mr. Letchworthy is a good man, an upright man, and when he is led to confess to King Smith that he, too, has a sin on his conscience, which he characteristically regrets "less because it harmed him in his business and political career than because it has injured the good cause that he is trying to help," we feel almost as kindly to him as to the wicked Sir John. The character sketch of King Smith, who takes in "The Spectator," and tries to gather from diligent perusal of "The Daily Messenger," and "The Daily Guide" (Mr. Letchworthy's organ) the ruling principles of our civilisation, is also most suggestive.

As is the case with all delicate art, the background against which the leading figures are projected is discreet in drawing and quiet in tone. And the background which throws the characters of Sir John Sweetling and the good Mr. Letchworthy into meaning perspective, and shows their relationship as pioneers of progress, is the happy native life of unexploited Faloo. There are no problems at all in the island, except the problems introduced by the white men. King Smith, who has restrained his people with the utmost difficulty from rising and massacring the exiles on account of their propensity for philandering with the native women, lays his case before Letchworthy, viz., that nothing can save Faloo save a protectorate by Great Britain, and an undertaking to close the island to all but the natives. The islander was doomed if once civilisation arrived. "Tinned meat and multiplication tables, gin and geography, feather beds and tight boots, worry and hypocrisy, everything worked together for bad, for bad for the islander. Civilisation increased his needs and sapped his powers. He went down, down inevitably in his struggle with it." To which Letchworthy replies, after careful consideration, "This idea of the refuge for the race, the island where it may recuperate itself, appeals to me immensely, and I think I can make some political use of it, too. But, sir, I have my conscience. I may shut the door against the white man and his dangerous civilisation, but I dare not shut it against the gospel of Christ." Sir John Sweetling, on the other hand, who has no liking for sentimental Little Englander views, belongs to an older political school, and when disaster threatens to overwhelm the Exiles' Club, he goes back to root principles and sentences King Smith to death: "For that crime, treachery," says Sir John, "the punishment is death. It's rough and ready justice, perhaps, but it's justice. When a colored native race and a white race live together on an island, the natives must be made to take their proper position; the penalty for treachery must be sharp and sudden if it's to act as a deterrent. I'm speaking of principles which are tried and sound—principles that have helped to build up the Empire. The lesson must be given, if only as a salutary warning to the other natives."

Unfortunately for both Sir John and Mr. Letchworthy, the natives do not wait for their future to be settled by the triumph of the principles of either of our great political parties, and they rise unexpectedly, set fire to the Exiles' Club, and wipe out all the members save one, Dr. Pryce, who has fallen deeply in love with and is beloved by Letchworthy's niece, the beautiful Hilda. The passage in which the philanthropist explains to the King that, even though the whites were criminals, "Great Britain would not recognise the right of your people to punish them. Not in any quarter



JUST READY. 6s.

Crown 8vo, cloth with 13 full-page Plates printed in Tints.

**KAMI-NO-MICHI.***The Way of the Gods in Japan.*

By HOPE MUNTLY.

The desire of the author is to guide her readers faithfully along this time-honoured half-obiterated "Way of the Gods," clearing the path with reverent, not iconoclastic hands, because recognising it as the Way by which the Japanese were divinely led to their present mental altitude. The path is traced in three-fold aspect—Ethical, Philosophical and Romantic.

The author presents the characters in the setting of their own harmonious environment, every scene of which she has personally explored.

"Deeply interesting."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

"A gracefully told story."—*Times*.

"Many pretty sketches of Japanese scenery, manners and character."—*Scotsman*.

READY THIS DAY. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A New Novel by the Author of "The Romance of a Nun."

**THE ROMANCE OF A MONK.**

By ALIX KING.

The remarkable reception accorded to "The Romance of a Nun" lends considerable interest to the announcement of a new novel from the pen of this clever author, and its advent will be awaited with interest, and should not only increase its author's popularity, but prove the success of the season.

No. 4 in Messrs. Rebman's "Successful" Series.

**SUCCESSFUL POULTRY PRODUCTION.**

By J. W. HURST, Author of "The Life Story of a Fowl."

"Sussex Fowls," &amp;c.

Crown 8vo. 176pp. Cloth. 2s. 6d. net, post free 2s. 8d.

Second large impression ready next week. Crown 8vo. 6s. THE book on India which has been received with practically unanimous and enthusiastic praise by all sections of the British Press.

**THE PRINCE OF DESTINY.**

The New Krishna.

By SARATH KUMAR GHOSH.

Author of "1,001 Indian Nights."

"Enthralling."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 6s.

**THE MANIAC :**

A Realistic Study of Madness from the Maniac's Point of View.

A BOYCOTTED BOOK!!

A true story that the reviewers have declared could only have been invented by the genius of a Poe.

REBMAN LTD.,



129, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

MR. MELROSE has Just Published

**THE LOWLY ESTATE: A Book of Essays.**

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. net.

The chapters comprising this book are the intimate, and in large measure, artless revelation of an unaffected, fine mind, and present a fascinating picture of the simple life as it is lived by a cultivated man of scholarly and reflective habit.

**THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.**

(La Route du Bonheur)

Translated from

the French of YVONNE SARCEY by CONSTANCE WILLIAMS

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The *Times* says: "A very good specimen. . . . Full and vivid advice on all the sides of the life of the ordinary man with no fads, and with clear explanation of the reasons of things."

**THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH.**

By ALEXANDER BRYCE, M.D., Glasgow, D.P.H. Camb.

With plates and diagrams. Imperial 16mo. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net. This book is attracting wide attention. It is the clearest, handiest and sanest guide to health that has been published in the last fifty years.

ANDREW MELROSE, 3, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

**BOOKSELLERS.****THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE**

Have the Largest Selection of Other Bibles and Prayer Books from 6d. to £10.

**BIBLES**

Illustrated, Wide Margin, Interleaved, Teachers', Interlinear Revised, and other Editions. Telephone Central 329

**J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.**

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students

**BOOKSELLERS.**

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

**Macmillan's New Books****The Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs.** By

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s. net.

*Standard*.—"A book that will take its place worthily among the great biographies."

**Administrative Problems of British India.** By JOSEPH CHAILLEY, Member of the French Chamber of Deputies. Translated by Sir WILLIAM MEYER, K.C.I.E. 8vo, 10s. net.**The Gates of India.** Being an

Historical Narrative. By Colonel Sir THOMAS HOLDICH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., &amp;c. With Maps. 8vo, 10s. net.

*Travel and Exploration*.—"Sir Thomas Holdich's book shows the romance and interest of the land which lies between Persia and India . . . a work which is emphatically one which Englishmen should buy and read."

THIRD EDITION, THOROUGHLY REVISED.

**The Burman: his Life and Notions.** By SHWAY YOE, Subject of the Great Queen. Third Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.**Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background.** By Professor M. W. MACCALLUM, M.A., LL.D., 8vo, 10s. net.**Accidents of an Antiquary's Life.** By D. G. HOGARTH, Author of

"A Wandering Scholar," &c. With 40 Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author and his Companions. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*The Academy*.—"The record of his travel and adventure in Lycia, Crete, and the Nile flats is very graphic, for he is a keen observer of the living races as well as of the fragments of vanished civilisations . . . The style of Mr. Hogarth's book is extremely vivid, and has some of the qualities of Kipling at his best."

**The Human Cobweb. A Romance**

of Peking. By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE, Author of "The Forbidden Boundary," &c. Extra Crown 8vo, 6s.

*Punch*.—"Full throughout of the most interesting and entertaining matter. . . . Indeed, I think I have never read a story of which the local colour was more vividly presented; so good is this that the reader emerges as from an actual 'week-end in picturesque Peking' for six shillings."

**The Working Faith of the Social Reformer, and other**

Essays. By HENRY JONES, LL.D., D.Litt. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*World*.—"An excellent book. . . . Every social reformer should read it, and it may be there will be some who will find themselves happily reformed by its thoughtful and well-written pages."

**The Inspiration of Poetry.**

By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. Globe 8vo. 5s. net.

**The Spirit of America.** By

Professor HENRY VAN DYKE, LL.D. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

**Day in Court, or the Subtle Arts of Great Advocates.**

By FRANCIS L. WELLMAN, Author of "The Art of Cross-Examination." Medium 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN &amp; CO., LTD., LONDON.

of the globe can the trescherous slaughter of many British subjects be overlooked" is full of gentle irony. But every page of this quiet novel contains delicious strokes of humor. And there are two minor characters, an admirable parrot and a detective from Scotland Yard, "Mr. Parget of the C.I.D.," whom we specially commend to the attention of our readers.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. G. W. FORREST'S "Selections from the State Papers of the Governors-General of India" (Oxford: Blackwell, London: Constable. 2 vols. 21s. net) is a reprint of several memoirs and documents relating to Warren Hastings, together with a lengthy Introduction, based on that published by Mr. Forrest eighteen years ago, but revised and greatly enlarged. The aim of this Introduction, which occupies the first volume, is "to prove that Hastings was not guilty of the crimes laid to his charge by unscrupulous opponents . . . that his foreign policy was worthy of a true statesman," and that he was an administrator "who had a love for good, wise, and stable government." Mr. Forrest is the leading authority upon Hastings' career, and his examination of the evidence definitely disposes of the graver charges made against the first Governor-General of India. Mr. Forrest's previous labors had done much to remove the load of obloquy from Hastings' memory, and anyone who reads the first volume of the present work will be convinced that his view of the Governor-General's character is in the main correct. The second volume contains the documents which Mr. Forrest has brought together from many sources as throwing light upon Hastings' administration, the most important being the "Memoirs Relative to the State of India," written by Hastings during his long voyage home, the "Narrative of the Insurrection in the Zemedyary of Benares," the "Secret Despatch on the Negotiations of 1781," the "Plan for the Better Administration of Justice in Bengal," and the "Minute on the Rohilla War." The whole work is a contribution of value and authority to the history of an interesting and decisive period of British rule in India.

THE secretary of the London Hospital, Mr. E. W. Morris, has written "A History of the London Hospital" (Arnold, 6s. net), based upon old minutes and other records of the institution. The London Hospital was founded at a meeting held at the Feathers Tavern in September, 1740, the committee having at their disposal a hundred guineas, which had been subscribed for the purpose of establishing an infirmary. That sum, as Mr. Morris remarks, would be about sufficient to-day to "run" the hospital from breakfast to dinner-time. All who have any knowledge of East End life are aware of the splendid work the London Hospital is doing, and Mr. Morris's admirable account of its progress and present position should add to the number of its supporters. His last two chapters deal with "The Administration of a Modern Hospital" and "The Future of Voluntary Hospitals," and set out the relative claims of the sick and indigent poor, the subscribers, the surgeons and physicians on the hospital staff, and the medical students. Mr. Morris says that most hospital secretaries find it increasingly difficult to keep up their subscriptions, though we hardly think he is right in stating that this is largely due to a suspicion that the hospitals "treat cases with which the rich givers have no sympathy." He complains, with justice, of the foolish lack of sympathy between the Poor Law and the hospitals. In regard to State intervention, he would welcome State aid, but not State control. The latter would, he thinks, free the supporters of the hospitals from their responsibility, and he recommends the adding of a percentage to the subscriptions, or an annual grant, subject to the report of a trained, scientific Government Inspector.

MR. CHIOZZA MONEY, the best-informed exponent of the statistical case for Free Trade that the fiscal controversy has evolved, renders a very valuable service to all Liberal politicians by gathering the relevant points of this case under subject heads in a volume entitled "Money's Fiscal Dictionary" (Methuen). Here students and debaters will find facts, figures, and their interpretation set forth in plain

compact paragraphs. We have sampled this Dictionary on matters great and small, and find it full of accurate, up-to-date information. While the minor particular issues, e.g., tin plates, cement and glass, receive proper attention, the weightier matters are argued out in lengthy articles. Under the main title, "Protection," for example, we find a most serviceable analysis of the occupations of the people for the last Census returns, which leads to the conclusion that three-quarters of our population lie outside the possibility of protective "aid," and that among these three-quarters are most of the trades which suffer most from unemployment. Equally useful is the article entitled "Revenue from Protection," which in itself furnishes ammunition enough to destroy the whole Tariff Reform case as a proposal for financing our nation. Mr. Money is for the most part very wise in allotting his space. Preference, for instance, he justly treats with brevity, disposing of its case with a short summary of crushing argument, whereas he gives a long and pretty exhaustive inquiry into the facts of recent unemployment in this and other countries, and into the Tariff Reform claim to furnish a remedy. The only long article whose relevance is doubtful is that dealing with Railways and the case for their nationalisation. We recommend the Dictionary as one of the few indispensable books for "working politicians," journalists, and political students, which the fiscal controversy has evoked.

INDUSTRY rather than originality is the feature of Miss Esther Singleton's "The Art of the Belgian Galleries" (Bell, 6s. net), which is described on the title page as "a History of the Flemish School of Painting Illuminated and Demonstrated by Critical Descriptions of the Great Paintings in Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels, and other Belgian Cities." The "critical descriptions," however, are mainly those of authorities, such as Kugler, Crowe, Wauters, Manby, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Fromentin; the book is half composed of copious extracts from their writings; and Miss Singleton's own performances appear to have been dictated by "the opinions of the latest authorities" to an extent that left no room for personal feeling. The fact that the book is almost entirely a compilation is not disguised, and therefore nobody can complain; but this way of treating the subject renders rather prosy the themes that the author of "Les Maîtres d'autrefois" made so fascinating. One or two points for criticism suggest themselves. Miss Singleton seems to us to be a little over-anxious to include as native art what was really identified in circumstances and spirit with another country. In the case of Hals she is not quite consistent. It is perfectly true, as she says, that Hals was a Fleming by birth and education. But having pronounced him "the last of the great Flemish portrait painters" on page 54, why does she class him with the foreigners, i.e., the Dutch, at the Antwerp gallery on page 215? A slip occurs in regard to the Millet who died in 1680. He was not Jean François Millet, but plain François; it was one of his two sons who bore the double name. The arrangement of the book strikes us as a little clumsy. It is at any rate not clear why the important collections at Ghent, Louvain, Tournai, Liège, &c., should be included, under sub-headings, in the chapter on Antwerp. Several entries in the index are quite useless, owing to the wrong numbers of pages being affixed; such blunders are irritating in a work whose claim to usefulness is based so largely on its accuracy.

THOUGH Mozambique has been so long occupied and administered in name by Portugal, it is likely soon to rank as the least known part of Africa, for its vast expanses of forest, rivers, and hills have been little explored, and under the Portuguese Government there is not much encouragement for foreign trade. We welcome all the more gratefully the new volume on "Zambezia" (Murray, 15s. net), by Mr. R. C. F. Maugham, British Consul for Portuguese East Africa, having his headquarters on Delagoa Bay. The book treats only of a section of Mozambique—the district granted to the Zambezia Company along the course of the great river after it leaves British territory; but the country described is fairly characteristic of most of Mozambique, and it is of special interest to English readers, because the best way of entering the Nyasaland Protectorate and the southern lake region is from the port of Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambesi, and



It's the flavour, flavour, FLAVOUR,  
that the families favour—the flavour of

# ROWNTREE'S COCOA

## TEVIA TWEED



OF ALL GOOD TAILORS.

is no new thing, no fad fabric. The trade-marked name TEVIA, and the device stamped on the back of every length, simply guarantee to the wearer an unadulterated All-Wool cloth, with the distinctive wearing qualities of the old style Scotch Tweed.

Tevia patterns and weights to suit all Requirements.

Wholesale Agents:  
JAMES PLATT & Co., St. Martins Lane, London, W.C.



## THE TRAMP

The New Open-air Magazine.

Number 2. APRIL. Now Ready, 6d. net.

Among the contributors to the second number of "THE TRAMP" may be mentioned:—

FORD MADOX HUEFFER  
EDEN PHILLPOTTS  
CHARLES MARRIOTT  
R. MURRAY GILCHRIST  
EDWARD THOMAS  
R. MACAULAY  
UNA L. SILBERRAD  
W. H. DAVIES  
ARTHUR RANSOME.

The chief features of the Magazine are illustrated articles on little-known places in Great Britain and abroad articles on all subjects connected with travel, short stories and poetry of a fresh and virile character, reviews and notes on music and the play.

A few copies of No. 1. are still obtainable from the Publishers.

THE ADELPHI PRESS, LTD., Adam Street, Strand, W.C.

NOW READY:

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By JAMES ELROY FLOCKER. 5/- net.

## THE QUEST.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 11/- NET: SINGLE COPIES, 2/9 POST FREE.

Vol. I. APRIL, 1910. No. 3.

The Figment of Race .. ..	Otto Rothfeld, I.C.S.
The Love of Nature in Buddhist Poems .. ..	C. A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A.
From the Mandæan Traditions of John the Baptist .. ..	A. L. Beatrice Hardcastle, M.R.A.S.
Idealism and the Problem of Nature .. ..	E. Douglas Fawcett
Religion in the Far East: A Study in Japanese Buddhism .. ..	Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., D.D.
The Spirit - Body of Alexandrian Psychophysics .. ..	G. R. S. Mead, B.A.
The Oceanic Origin of Life .. ..	Bernard S. Arncliffe, M.D.
Culture and the Church .. ..	Rev. W. F. Cobb, D.D.
The Quest of the Holy Grail .. ..	Jessie L. Weston
An Innocent in Hades .. ..	E. R. Innes
A Child's Garden .. ..	M. U. Green
Light .. ..	Alfred Noyes
Reviews and Notices .. ..	
Notes .. ..	

JOHN M. WATKINS,

21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

THE

## ENGLISH REVIEW.

APRIL.

CONTRIBUTORS:

THOMAS HARDY,

Frank Harris, Henry James,  
Esra Pound, A. D. Hall, F.R.S.,  
D. H. Lawrence, Harold Cox,  
W. Rothenstein, Sydney Brooks,  
Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, E. A. Baughan,  
Gilbert Cannan, R. A. Scott-James,  
Maurice Baring, Edward Storer,

ANATOLE FRANCE.

CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd.,  
11, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Now on Sale. Sixpence net.  
THE APRIL "BOOK MONTHLY."

CONTENTS.

**PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR.** What's What and Who's Who in the Pleasant Land of Letters.  
**A LITERARY HIGHWAY.** The Canvasser's Place in the Geography of Bookselling.  
**FAITH AND BEAUTY.** Women's Devotional Books in Days of Long Ago—Eveline Mitford.  
**"A CHIEL AMANG US?"** An American Diplomatist's Literary Notes in England.  
**A LONDON LETTER.** The Origin and Progress of the Cheap New Novels—The Editor.  
**LIGHT AND LEADING.** New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.  
**THE GENERAL READER.** Snap-Shot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.  
**NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.** Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.  
**BOOKS OF THE MONTH.** A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions and Reprints of March.  
**THE PERIODICALS.** Contents of this Month's Reviews & Magazines.

Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.,  
Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

so up the Shiré tributary. Mr. Maugham traces the history and possible development of the country with the knowledge of experience; he also gives very complete lists, with notes, of the insects and larger animals which you may find beside the river, or which may find you. But the most valuable and interesting parts of all, in our opinion, are those chapters in which he speaks of the natives, their customs, beliefs, and popular stories. He writes with great sympathy, and is very hopeful about the future, not only of the Colony, but of the natives themselves.

MR. A. C. LEE'S "The Decameron: Its Sources and Analogues" (Nutt, 12s. 6d. net), is "a concise, but as far as possible complete, account of the sources of the tales in Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with notices of the various parallels and analogues." Such a work involves research of no ordinary kind, and the information which Mr. Lee has collected will be full of interest to all lovers of Boccaccio. Mr. Lee goes through each of the tales in turn, investigates their sources, and discusses the reappearance of the same or similar plots elsewhere. The book is a remarkable monument to Boccaccio's influence, to which it is impossible to do justice in a short notice. We can only congratulate Mr. Lee on having brought together such a vast mass of material which will be of the highest value to students of literature who adopt the comparative method. The mere bibliographical references it contains should secure it a place in every library.

"STRAHAN'S LEADING CASES IN EQUITY" (Butterworths, 15s.) is intended to be a companion to that excellent manual, "Strahan and Kenrick's Digest of Equity." It does not profess to do more than introduce students to the study of the Law Reports, but we believe that it will supply a distinct want. "Brett's Leading Cases in Equity" is the only other work illustrating the principles of equity within a moderate compass, but its somewhat elaborate notes are rather beyond the grasp of beginners. In the present work the important part of the judgment in each case is set out verbatim from the reports, with short and lucid notes. A feature of the book is the modernity of the "leading cases." Half the thirty-eight cases have been decided within the last dozen years.

### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, March 23.	Price Wednesday morning, April 1.
Consols	81	81½
Union Pacific	192	188½
Buenos Ayres Pacific	88½	89
Steel Common	88½	84½
Peru Pref.	39	40½

AFTER the Easter holidays the Stock Exchange returned in an unchastened mood. The wickedness of the Government, the financial chaos, and all the other doleful arguments had no effect upon the Rubber bulls, who are still bellowing as loudly as ever and tossing up the prices of unknown rubber estates to heights undreamed of. New York professes to be quite horrified by this outbreak of the gambling spirit in our sedate City of London. But probably there is more envy than disapproval in Wall Street; for Wall Street is depressed just now—its magnates are on the bear tack. The great Republican party and its wonderful tariff are involved in unpopularity. The tariff-fed trusts are hard pressed by the law as well as by strikes and boycotts. The rise in prices has been so great that the inability of the American manufacturer to compete with ours is more marked than ever, and after some heavy sales of bonds with which the London market has been pretty well flooded, there is now a probability of large gold exports from New York to London. In some quarters great alarm is felt about American finance, and I should not be surprised to see a small collapse in their bond market in view of the huge output of new issues. In that case there should be a fine opportunity for genuine investors on this side. The monetary situation is rather unfavorable, the gold reserve having again been reduced in spite of our four per cent. rate. Home railways have attracted a good deal of attention lately in view of improved traffics.

### TARIFF REFORM—NEW AND OLD.

The "Standard" informed its readers just before the last election that the Birmingham Tariff Reform scheme is 5 per cent. on foreign food stuffs, 2½ per cent. on colonial food stuffs, 10 per cent. on foreign manufactures, and 5 per cent. on colonial manufactures. But whether this scheme described as "complete," represents averages or equal duties in all cases was not stated. If it means averages, the tariff will be varied "scientifically" on each article in accordance with the pressure or contributions of the different interests. But if all are to pay alike, there will be no protection worth having, and the great staple exporting industries of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Midlands will be badly hit, because their cost of production will be raised anywhere from 5 to 10 per cent., a change which will displace cotton and woollen goods, boots, and metal wares from many neutral markets. This probably explains why the "Birmingham Daily Post" made it 10 per cent. on half manufactured goods and 15 per cent. or more on finished goods.

Modern Tariff Reform is inspired, like our old unreformed tariff, by the twin ideas of home and colonial monopoly. We are to tax both foreigner and colonial, but the latter least. But whereas under the old *régime* the landlords had far more political power than the manufacturers and got many times more protection, under the new the towns are recognised as having twice the power of the country, and manufacturers are promised twice or thrice as much protection as landlords. If every agricultural laborer and farmer were a landlord, so that he could not be squeezed in rents, he would get five per cent. more for what he sold and would pay ten to fifteen per cent. more for what he bought, so that his profits would fall by upwards of five per cent.

### EXPORTS OF CAPITAL UNDER PROTECTION.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the exports of capital to foreign countries in the shape of investments, and in the light of this it may be interesting to observe that in the ten years preceding the repeal of the Corn Laws there was going on an extraordinary export of British machinery, engineers, mechanics, and skilled artisans to the Continent of Europe and to the United States of America. One of the questions put by the Committee on Imports to the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade in 1840 was this: "Should you say that there was any tendency of late years for capital and industry to quit this country and settle in other countries?" Here is the answer: "Very great; inasmuch as all the cotton factories in the neighborhood of Vienna, in consequence of the cheapness of provisions, are in a very prosperous condition; but, then, all the directors of those manufactories are English or Scotch men from the cotton manufactories of Manchester and Glasgow. We find the same thing in France, that the principal people at Rouen in the cotton factories are from Lancashire; you find it in Belgium and in Holland; you find British capital going into Germany to a very great amount; and this very capital employed there producing manufactures which meet us in the markets of the Mediterranean, the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, South America, and the East Indies." The witness was then asked about the United States of America, and answered that he had personal knowledge of British capital and British workmen having been exported to the factories of New England.

### PRESENT EXPORTS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.

At the present time the chief exporters of labor are protected countries like Russia, Italy, and Spain; but this is not skilled labor, but labor for agricultural purposes, navvying, &c. England, France, and Germany export engineers and managers with their capital to new countries, but the number of skilled artisans who leave our shores under Free Trade is small compared with the outflow seventy years ago. A certain number of foreign manufactories are always being started in England and a small number of English manufactories in foreign countries. The former do it in order to get the benefit of our low cost of production, and we do it in order to make money out of their tariffs. But Mr. W. H. Lever's statement is very significant—that of all his soap mills the only ones from which he can export soap profitably are those situated in England. The same applies, I am told, to the thread made by the monopoly of Coats.

LUCCELLUM.



# Chairman



## A fine Tobacco

TO the pipe smoker of taste the smoking of a really fine tobacco means much. It covers all that there is in smoking enjoyment—aroma, coolness, evenness of combustion and that subtle, but real and most elusive, yet most essential quality, termed flavour, for lack of a better description.

These properties, rarely found in combination, are always found in *Chairman* making it a really fine tobacco—always the same, always enjoyable.

### Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

### Recorder

the same, but fuller flavoured.

Sold everywhere at 6d. per oz.

The **CHAIRMAN PIPE FILLER** is self-contained, small, and convenient, and can be used for every tobacco. With it the pipe can be filled from the pouch or packet.

1/- everywhere.

R. J. LEA, Ltd.,  
Manchester.

A24

Φ

1 d.  
2

## The Daily News

LONDON & MANCHESTER.

ALL OVER ENGLAND FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

1 d.  
2

### BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

THE R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE," of the Union Castle Line (the only large steamer 100 A1 at Lloyd's entirely devoted to pleasure Cruises) is chartered for

£21. CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, TROY, PÆSTUM, &c.

APRIL 7th.

£12 : 12. PALERMO, TUNIS, TANGIER, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR,

LISBON, OPORTO, SOUTHAMPTON. APRIL 27th.

£18 : 18. ST. PETERSBURG (for Moscow), STOCKHOLM, COPEN-

HAGEN, LUBECK, DANZIG, &c.

JUNE 2nd.

Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

### BOARD AND RESIDENCE.

AN IDEAL RESIDENCE FOR GENTLEMEN. Bloomsbury House Club, established 1881, has removed to larger premises in an unique position, central but quiet. Handsome lounge, library, study, billiard-room etc. Heated throughout. Lawn tennis. Bedrooms, including baths, etc., from 7/6 weekly. Night porter. Apply to the Warden, 34 to 38, Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.

### THE ANCIENT WISDOM

By ANNIE BESANT (President of the Theosophical Society).

A Standard Outline of Theosophical Teachings.

338 pp. Cr. 8vo, Cloth. Price 5s. net.

May be obtained from all Booksellers or direct from the Publishers:—

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, 161, New Bond St., London, W.

This work has recently been placed in all the principal Public Libraries.

### GLAISHER'S REDUCED PRICE BOOK LIST.

CATALOGUE No. 370, APRIL, 1910, NOW READY.

Containing offers of many important stocks recently purchased.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Remainder & Discount Booksellers,

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Also a Catalogue of Current, Modern and Standard Literature.

All Catalogues Post Free on Application.

## From CHATTO & WINDUS'S LIST

*A New & Important Historical Work*

### A HISTORY OF SUMER AND AKKAD.

An Account of the Early Races of Babylonia, from Prehistoric Times to the Foundation of the Babylonian Monarchy: being Vol. I. of A HISTORY OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA.

By **LEONARD W. KING, M.A., F.S.A.**,  
Assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum.

With a Map, 11 Plans, 35 Plates, 69 Illustrations in the Text, and a Chronological List of the Kings and Rulers of Sumer and Akkad. Royal 8vo, Cloth decorated. 18s. net. (April.)

### SAMUEL FOOTE: A Biography

By **PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.**

With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

"A valiant and delightful achievement. . . . Mr. Fitzgerald has vivified Sam."—*Daily Chronicle*.

**NETTA SYRETT'S New Novel. 6s.**

### OLIVIA L. CAREW

The typical conflict in the life of the modern woman—the conflict between personal ambition and the ordinary claims of married life—forms the pivot of this story. A strong personality, which refuses to face the essential fact of the union between man and wife, leads the heroine to tragedy. And if the solution found at last for her approximates to a more conventional ideal, it is a conventionality not taken for granted, but discovered as the ultimate lesson of experience. This is a book to make one think.

### SERVICE

By **CONSTANCE SMEDLEY** 6s.  
"Miss Smedley's tale touches here and there on grave problems, but so kindly and hopefully that the prevailing spirit of the book—that of warm high-heartedness—is undisturbed. It is so charming, so inspiring."—*Manchester Guardian*. "The book is clever." *The Times*.

### OPPORTUNITY

By **MARGARET B. CROSS** 6s.  
"Miss Cross has followed up 'A Question of Means' with another novel equally meritorious and even more attractive. She has a discerning eye for aspects of life which are fresh to the reader of fiction. It is a book of unerring psychology, and its dramatic interest is keen, commanding, and sustained."—*Pall Mall*.

### THE STONE EZEL

By **C. L. ANTROBUS** 6s.  
"Able, plain, strong story. The characters are always skilfully depicted."—*Scotsman*. "This is a book without doubt of conspicuous merit."—*Morning Post*.

### AT THE SIGN OF THE BURNING BUSH

By **M. LITTLE** 6s.  
Intensely modern and extraordinarily sincere.

### A CALL

By **FORD MADOX HUEFFER** 6s.  
"An extraordinarily fine story."—*Daily News*.

### THEY ALSO SERVE

By **CHRISTOPHER STONE** 6s.  
"Here we have the Byronic note."—*Morning Post*.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

### BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

(University of London).

YORK PLACE, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

#### DEPARTMENT OF SECONDARY TRAINING

The Council will shortly proceed to the appointment of a Head of the Training Department. The appointment is open to women only, and will take effect at the beginning of the Michaelmas term, 1910.

Thirty-five copies of applications and of not more than three recent testimonials should be sent, not later than May 9th, to the Secretary, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ETHEL T. MCKNIGHT, Secretary.

### BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

(University of London).

YORK PLACE, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

PRINCIPAL . . . MISS M. J. TUKE, M.A.

#### THE EASTER TERM BEGINS ON THURSDAY,

APRIL 21st, 1910.

Lectures are given in preparation for all Examinations of the University of London in Arts, Science, and Preliminary Medicine, for the Teacher's Diploma, London, the Teacher's Certificate, Cambridge, and for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination. SIX LABORATORIES are open to Students for preparation work.

There is a special course of SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION IN HYGIENE, designed to furnish training for Women Factory and Sanitary Inspectors and Teachers of Hygiene.

The ART SCHOOL (which is conducted at South Villa, Regent's Park) may be attended by students who are not taking other subjects at the College.

A single course in any subject may be attended.

Regular Physical Instruction is given free of cost to Students who desire it by a fully qualified woman teacher.

#### ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Three Entrance Scholarships (one in Arts and two in Science) will be offered for competition in June next, viz.:—

Clift-Courtauld in Arts, value £30 a year for three years.

Pfeiffer in Science, value £50 a year, for three years.

Henry Tate in Science, value £50 a year, for three years.

Full particulars on application to the Principal.

#### RESIDENCE.

Accommodation for about 40 resident students is provided in the College. The College has opened as an additional residence South Villa, Regent's Park, where further accommodation for 18 students is provided. South Villa is about five minutes' walk from York Place, and has large gardens available for students of the College.

Full particulars on application to the Principal at the College.

#### DEPARTMENT FOR PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IN TEACHING.

The Course includes full preparation for the Examinations for the Teaching Diplomas granted by the Universities of London and Cambridge.

Students are admitted to the Training Course in October and in January.

One Free Place (value £25 5s.), one Scholarship of the value of £20, and a limited number of grants of £10 are offered for the Course beginning in October, 1910.

They will be awarded to the best candidates holding a degree or its equivalent in Arts or Science.

Applications should be sent to the Head of the Department.

### THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER. Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For Prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, B.S.O.

### THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Entrance Scholarships Termly.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.

Enquiries should be addressed to the Bursar.

### CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

BLACKHEATH, S.E.

Principal, F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc.

Preparation for London Matriculation 1st Class College of Preceptors, and Entrance to Oxford or Cambridge.



## EDUCATIONAL.

## STRAMONGATE BOYS' SCHOOL, KENDAL.

A Boarding School for Boys.  
Founded by the Society of Friends in Kendal.

A strong staff—leisure-time pursuits—school journeys—good games—gymnastics—a magnificent country district.  
The school has doubled itself in the last five years.  
Prospectus, School Magazine, etc., from WILFRED SESSIONS, B.Sc., Headmaster.

## AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.

Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and Shooting taught. Ideal life for delicate boys.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE,  
STAFFORDSHIRE.

500 feet above Sea Level.

Headmaster—R. L. AGER, M.A. (Rugby and Corpus Christi College, Oxford).

FREE CHURCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

## BOOTHAM SCHOOL.

HEAD MASTER:—ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A. (Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History and Practice of Education Cantab.)

Preparation for Universities.  
Oliversonship Course. Leisure Hour Work.

Sixty Boys passed University Entrance Examinations in the years 1905-9.

For prospectus, etc., apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

## ST. HELENS, CLIFTON, GLOS.

SCHOOL for a limited number of Girls of good social position. Thorough education on modern lines. Healthy outdoor life, with due attention to Games and Physical Exercise. Principals: MISS WINGATE, M.A. Dublin Math. Trip. Cambs., and MISS POTTER.

ABBOTSHOLME (Dr. Reddie), Rochester, Derbyshire. Traditional Public school training adapted to present National needs. Modern methods. Preparation for Universities and Technical Colleges, but no competitive examinations.

## HOTELS AND HYDROS, &amp;c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY'S HOTEL (Temperance)  
GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Passenger Lift. Electric Light in all Rooms. Bath-rooms on every floor. Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. All Floors Fireproof. Perfect sanitation. Night Porter. Tel. phone. BEDROOMS, including attendance, from 3/6 to 6/0. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.  
Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, London."

## LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man. Direc., 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

## AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.  
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

## BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.  
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

## BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

## BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

## DARTMOOR—VELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (on pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

## DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

## HOTELS AND HYDROS, &amp;c.

## EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House. Sussex Gdns. 5/- day.

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

## EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

## GREAT YARMOUTH.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing Sea. 10/- per day.

## GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

## ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing Sea.

KEARSLEY (FARNWORTH), S.O. LANCs.  
CHURCH HOTEL. Bowling Green and Cheap Refreshments.

## LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

## LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

## LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.  
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

## LLANDUDNO.

The WHITE HORSE Boarding Estab., centre of Prom., facing sea.

## LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

## LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

## MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager—J. Wilson.

## MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO. Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).

## NELSON.

RAMSDEN'S HOTEL and Restaurant. One minute from Station.

## OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boar's Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, &c., Lecture.

## PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

## SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths & Treatment.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Aft'noon Teas. Tel. 647

ROCKLEY HYDRO. Electric and other baths; Excellent cuisine. Lift. Near Golf Links. From 7s. per day. Tel. 422.

HOGHTON HOTEL. The Cyclist's Home. Tel. 506. J. Hough, Prop.

## WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

Your Week End  
Is Not Complete

WITHOUT

The Saturday  
Westminster

(The Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette.")

It is the only Weekly Magazine Review of  
the Kind.

"F.C.G.'s" Cartoons of the Week.  
An Unique page of "Problems and Prizes,"  
Book Reviews and Special Literary  
Articles by the best known Writers.

ONE PENNY. Post 6/6 per annum (home), 8/8 (abroad).

Offices: Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

## THE MEDICI SOCIETY

exists in order to issue facsimile Reproductions after the finest paintings of the Old Masters, in the COLOURS OF THE ORIGINALS, as rendered possible by the latest developments in scientific colour photography. The process employed, while representing the Originals with unequalled



fidelity, makes it practicable to issue the prints at prices within the reach of all purses. All Medici Prints may be purchased singly, subject only to the prior claims of Annual Subscribers. The *Burlington Magazine* says: "Nothing of the kind so good and so cheap has ever been issued before." "Prints like this, which are at once true in general effect and will stand the test of the microscope in their details, can never be superseded."

# The Medici Prints

The following are some of the earlier subjects proposed for issue in 1910:—

**DOMENICO DI MICHELINO: DANTE AND HIS BOOK**, after the Tempera Panel (92 by 116 in.), in The Duomo, Florence. Colour Surface of Print, 20½ by 25½ in. Price 25s. net. *[Just published.]*

**JOACHIM PATINIR: THE BAPTISM IN JORDAN**, after the Painting in Oils upon Panel, No. 666, in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna. Colour Surface, 17½ by 19½. 17s. 6d. net. *[Just published.]*

Prints marked \* will be ready very shortly; prices marked † will be raised on publication.

GIAN BELLINI ... <b>A Holy Allegory (Uffizi)</b> ...	25s. 0d.	*REYNOLDS ... <b>Lavinia Bingham (Althorp)</b>	†15s. 0d.
*BOTTICELLI ... <b>The Virgin Mother (Milan)</b> ...	17s. 6d.	SIR PETER LELY (?) <b>Oliver Cromwell (Cambridge)</b>	†10s. 6d.
*GIORGIONE ... <b>Concert Champêtre (Louvre)</b> ...	21s. 0d.	*HOLBEIN ... <b>King Henry VIII (Althorp)</b>	†10s. 6d.
CORREGGIO ... <b>The Education of Cupid (N.G.)</b>	17s. 6d.	*R. VAN DER WEYDEN <b>St. Luke Drawing the Virgin (Munich)</b>	†17s. 6d.
*J. DE' BARBARI <b>Portrait of a Man (Vienna)</b> ...	15s. 0d.	*BROUWER ... <b>The Gamblers (Munich)</b> ...	†12s. 6d.
RAPHAEL ... <b>Madonna della Tenda (Munich)</b>	20s. 0d.	*REMBRANDT ... <b>The Old Soldier (St. Petersburg)</b>	12s. 6d.
*HOLBEIN ... <b>Georg Cloze (Berlin)</b> ...	†17s. 6d.		

The following are Special Publications from the recent National Loan Exhibition:—

<b>CAINSBOROUGH</b> ... <b>Gainsborough Dupont</b>	†15s.	<b>GIORGIONE (or TITIAN?) Portrait of a Man</b>	†21s.
<b>LAWRENCE</b> ... <b>Miss Georgina Lennox</b>	†15s.	<b>TITIAN</b> ... <b>Portrait of a Man</b>	†21s.

Subscriptions to the above Series of Four Plates, payable on publication of the first, may be entered: by The Society's Annual Subscribers at £3 3s. post free; by the Public at £3 9s. post free. Special Prospectus of the above subjects post free.

**\*\* Some 50 Medici Prints are already published: 70 others in preparation.**

The Society's Prospectus, containing detailed information respecting all Prints published and in preparation, may be had post free for 3d. stamps, or containing 120 Reproductions of the Prints post free 12d. stamps or P.O. Full Particulars of the ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION (£3), and of the ANNUAL ASSOCIATES' SUBSCRIPTION (also of £3 giving freedom of selection among NEW Plates for each year), will be found in the Prospectus. Forms of Subscription post free on application.

Summary Lists of Italian, English, French, and Flemish Series of Plates; also of The National Portrait Series, the Popular Medici Prints, Pictures from the National Loan Collection, and Photo-Reliefs, may be had post free.

## DRAWINGS BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.

The Medici Society issues a notable series of 69 Drawings, chiefly from the Albertina Library, Vienna, reproduced in Facsimile Collotype in the exact tints or colours of the originals, including Religious, Architectural, Animal, Botanical, Figure, and Portrait subjects. Prices from 2s. to 15s. each; framed from 3s. 6d. each. "Almost disquieting in accuracy and beauty."

*Daily Telegraph.*

- No. A SELECTED LIST.
2. The Child Jesus with a Globe, 3s. 6d.
  8. Madonna in a Landscape, 12s. 6d.
  - 20-30. The "Green" Passion (1504), 4s. each, 40s. the Set of 11 Drawings.
  - 31-33. Christ on the Cross (10s.), Repentant Thief, Unrepentant Thief (7s. 6d. each), 21s. the Set.
  34. Head of the Child Jesus, 5s.
  44. Madonna and Child (1512), 12s. 6d.
  49. Christ on the Mount of Olives, 5s.
  64. Virgin, Child, and S. Anne, 6s.

6c., 6c., 6c.  
\*\* Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. stamps or P.O.; unillustrated, 2d. stamps.

## CARBOPRINTS OF PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To meet the need for a series of adequate yet inexpensive reproductions after the best pictures in The National Gallery, The Medici Society has pleasure in announcing the issue of a first selection of One Hundred "Carboprints"—a name denoting a direct photographic print, in quality indistinguishable from carbon photographs costing many times the price. Price One Shilling Each. The average dimensions of these Prints will be 11½ by 8½ inches. *Unlike photographs, carboprints do not "curl."*

**55 SUBJECTS NOW READY; 45 OTHERS IN PREPARATION.**

\*\* A Full List may be had post free on application.

A CARBOPRINT REPRODUCTION may also be obtained of **ROMNEY: LADY HAMILTON WITH A COAT.** (Cranbury Park.) Size of Print, 16 by 13½ in. Price 5s.

\*\* A revised list of 100 "PRIMITIVES" of the Flemish, German, and Italian Schools, fully illustrated, will be ready immediately—post free 12d. stamps.

**PHILIP LEE WARNER**, Publisher to The Medici Society, Ltd., 38, Albemarle Street, London, W.





e  
7,  
at  
a  
n  
ie  
oe  
N.  
ry  
n  
7.  
London  
2. 1988